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LOWER RED RIVER VALLEY.

Its History, Progress, Climate and Products.

BY H. J. ROSS.

Ancient Kehm has not been alone as to being smitten with plagues; for that part of the New World oftentimes likened to her hath also known such drawbacks. After that the red aboriginal had quit-claimed, and, for the most part, evacuated, the country side here, and the white migration swarms had come to inhabit the prairies withal, the locust followed fast and licked up all the green things thereof. When that curse had departed upon the wings of the west wind, never to be seen again, there came yet another and a worse one. This was the boomer, whose gaseous breath is as the noxious atmosphere at the base of the cyclone funnel—death to progress. The boomer is a subvariety of the genus liar. His is not the "honourable lie" of the Homeric Ulysses, but rather the thing my Lord Tennyson sings:

"The lie that is partly truth—ever the basest of lies."

The inflation given to land values by reckless speculation in the early eighties reacted tremendously against one of the fairest portions of America; a portion calculated to supply the food grains of most of the world. Prosperous should have been the career of such a place; prosperous it has been, in the face of adversity, over that of any newly opened country on record. Yet, because of the devastating wave of "boom" that broke over the plain, but now by virtue of human energy and the unprecedented bounty of Nature, emerging from the spume of storms, braced and strengthened by the arduous struggle.

Already another menace fronts the Dakotas' municipal economy. Its name is experimental legislation. Forgetful of the fact that knowledge must lie at the foundation of, and inform, proper practice, whether of tilling the soil, or enacting laws, the agriculturalist by virtue of his superior numbers constrains the Legislature to work *his* will. Where a Jefferson, a Hamilton, a De Tocqueville tread cautiously, in awe of natural law and reason's sanction, the inexperienced legislator will rush in, to propound paradoxes and enact inanities. What are the experiences of nations to him, forsooth? The attempt to regulate the appetite of the citizen by impotent sumptuary laws, the commerce of whole communities by short sighted statutory enactments, bids fair to drive immigration and the wealth that the East (in the certain hope of a speedy and abundant return) is fain to send hither, away

from the borders of a commonwealth where such jurisprudence holds sway.

The indications would point, however, to a reaction in the suicidal policy, in which event the farmer, as the price of his rational and honor-worthy toil, may look for a more abundant return than ever; a return, the profits of which surpass the most sanguine dreams of his less fortunate brethren whose lots have fallen in less favored environments.

In the Red River Valley is found the center of population of the State. The geology of the place demands a word. The scientists tell us that at the close of the glacial period an inland sea or series of lakes stretched northward from the present sources of the Red River to the eastern shores of Lake Winnipeg, or even into Labrador; and eastward, from the low range of bluffs or hills known as the Pembina Mountains, into Western Minnesota. If we may judge by the precipitous aspect of these hills at their abrupt ending upon the plains we may believe that the depth of the vast chasm was greatest at some point betwixt these and the present bed of the Red River, and in turn that it began to decrease as the ground swept eastward, until, at the "ridge" in Western Minnesota, the cemented gravel and drift boulders rose so high as to be freed from the clay precipitate of the central sea. In other words, the valley is a great rent, once occupied by a sea that contained much earthy matter suspended in its water, borne in by turbid affluents and deposited in strata upon the bottom in the course of time.

Even if the writer's knowledge were adequate, it would be nigh impossible to treat of the present aspect and resources of the entire valley. I confine myself mainly to the treatment of that portion of the same comprising the more northerly counties of North Dakota situate along the Red River.

If we except the few scattered employes of the great fur-trading companies, the first white settlers came to the banks of the Red River under the patronage of Lord Selkirk. Their descendants may be found to this day in plentiful numbers from Selkirk, Manitoba, to the boundary line. When the "Nor'west" and "The Hudson's Bay" companies began to conflict (1812-16) the Selkirkers were evicted by the Northwestern company and migrated southward. They settled at a point about one mile south of the present international boundary, north of the present site of Pembina. Upon discovering that they were located south of the line and beyond the limit, consequently, of the Selkirk grant, they returned, and this in peace, the differences between the

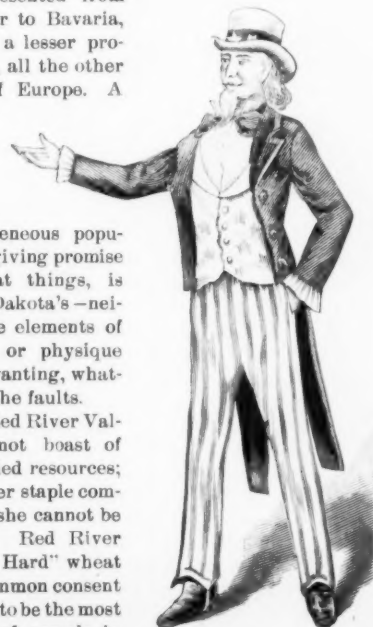
great trading companies having been adjusted by the amalgamation of the two rivals into what is now known as the Hudson's Bay Company. In 1843 St. Paul began to reach out hands for the Northern trade. The late Commodore Kittson was the pioneer of that enterprise. Some years later Mr. Charles Cavelier, who has since occupied nearly every office, Federal or local, within the gift of the people, came here and here abides yet, a lusty and honor-worthy specimen of the earliest settler and patriarch of North Dakota.

Until 1870 75 Pembina formed the head center of the Northern trade, but betwixt 1880 and '83 the full spring tide of immigration was arrived at.

The population of the northeastern portion of North Dakota is of diverse national origin, Canadians of varied lineage predominating—Canadian Saxon and Scot, Canadian Irish, Norman French and Acadian. There are Americans, many a one, from Maine to Washington, Virginia to Louisiana; Scandinavians, too, of all the divisions from Norway, Sweden and Denmark; and, of the same race originally, the children also of the followers of Lief, the son of Red Eric, who reached, in the great sea-snake ship nigh four hundred years before Columbus, the land their sagas well called The Greater Iceland—these are here also. Germany is represented from Hanover to Bavaria, and, in a lesser proportion, all the other lands of Europe. A

heterogeneous population, giving promise of great things, is North Dakota's—neither the elements of energy or physique being wanting, whatsoever the faults.

The Red River Valley cannot boast of diversified resources; but in her staple commodity she cannot be peered. Red River "No. 1 Hard" wheat is by common consent allowed to be the most perfect of cereals in all respects of quality.



"YOUNG MAN, GO WEST."

Further, owing to the peculiar nature of the soil, the yield per acre—artificial fertilizers being next to unknown—surpasses that of all other soil upon the record. Barley and oats show a yield equal in ratio to the principal grain. Corn is in the experimental stage; but, so far as the attempt at cultivation has been made, the result is promising for the future. Let it be remembered that Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska were considered, once upon a time, to lie too far to the northward to give hopes of raising successfully the grain that to-day forms their main export. Authorities hold that the only hindrance to the successful development of corn raising here lies in the danger to be apprehended from the August frosts. The same idea was once current regarding the States before mentioned; but, in this instance, that danger would appear to be overcome by the ingenuity of man and the selective process of Nature. Varieties of corn, fitted to withstand the inclemency of the late summer, will undoubtedly be developed in this, as in other instances.

The frosts have in a few seasons proved destructive of late wheat. Analysis nevertheless

is then heaped on the fires, causing a dense smoke; this, ascending, is robbed of its surplus heat by the cooler upper air, and spreading, drifts for miles, hanging like a natural cloud above the grain, warding off the cold upper atmosphere and at the same time catching and holding the radiation sent from the earth. Judging by the experiments of last season, here is a method that will minimize the effect of the first frosts. As for those coming late, the danger is over; for the grain is ripened by then, and cut.

This is not all. Man's research will develop—I might say has developed—wheat impervious to the attack of the slight August frost. At the experimental farms in the Canadian Northwest Territory there is reason to believe a careful "artificial selection" has met with some success. There is no reason to doubt that Nature is equal to the task of evolving a quick-growing and hardy sample of wheat even as she has done in the case of other grains.

Here are some figures even of the past. I quote the pamphlet issued by the Immigration Convention of 1890, that being a "failure" year:—

—a year of small yield through rare fault—drouth. The average yield of wheat per acre, year in and year out, since 1885 is about eighteen bushels. The average of 1887 was twenty-five bushels per acre, in these two counties. Nor are Walsh and Cass counties ever far behind.

It were hazardous to venture an estimate for the past year, seeing the backwardness of threshing. This can, however, be safely predicated, that the average yield and the sample both will surpass those of 1887. In all parts of the valley the maximum of forty bushels to the acre has been reached, and in a few instances passed; and this not in isolated acres or specially prepared ones, but in whole quarter-sections cultivated as the average farmer cultivates. Twenty-four bushels is considered by many a poor yield per acre. All this despite an early frost that destroyed much late sown grain, notably in the lee of timber or hills.

In 1881 wheat reached the maximum price at \$1.25 per bushel upon delivery at elevators. The year of minimum was 1884, when the cereal hardly ranged above fifty-five cents. The average price of the best grade, year about, is nearly



HARVESTING ON A RED RIVER VALLEY FARM.

will demonstrate that the crop as a whole never was a failure by reason of frost alone. On the contrary, the wheat speculator is at the bottom of these reports. He it was who took advantage of the evil reports of districts few and far between to cut the grade upon the producer throughout, and thereafter to "corner" the market against the general consumer. It cannot be truthfully asserted that wheat ever was a failure in this valley. In fine, that the evil wrought by early frosts has been over-rated, statistics will show. At any rate the mitigated harm is nearly at an end. During the autumn last past the "smudging" process—for centuries a custom upon the plains of Russia and Siberia, a country much like the present in climatology and physical conformation—has been tried; and, where due care was exercised, with success.

In order that the word "smudging" may bear a meaning let me offer a word of explanation: A "smudge" to protect wheat against frost is exactly similar in kind, though greater in degree, than a smudge against mosquitoes. In the time of the early frosts the nights are almost windless or with but the faintest breeze, hardly fit to deflect smoke. Hay or straw is strewn to windward of the field to be smudged, then these piles are lighted in the early morning, preceding sunrise. Damp hay, weeds or manure

PEMBINA COUNTY.			
	Acres.	Bushels.	
Wheat.....	219,024	3,066,336	
Oats.....	28,290	919,425	
Barley.....	13,806	317,538	
Flax.....	1,653	12,398	
Corn.....	49	980	
Potatoes.....	851	110,630	
GRAND FORKS COUNTY.			
	Acres.	Bushels.	
Wheat.....	237,921	2,537,824	
Oats.....	38,726	1,123,054	
Barley.....	15,658	349,896	
Flax.....	2,508	22,572	
Corn.....	188	3,760	
Potatoes.....	771	53,199	
The year 1889 gives us this:—			
PEMBINA COUNTY.			
	Acres.	Bushels.	
Wheat.....	201,450	2,430,148	
Oats.....	27,244	371,451	
Barley.....	13,522	296,657	
Flax.....	224	1,796	
Corn.....	8	147	
Potatoes.....	846	122,283	
Millet and Hungarian, tons.....	1,869		
Other Tame Hay, tons.....	2,551		
GRAND FORKS COUNTY.			
	Acres.	Bushels.	
Wheat.....	221,801	3,467,774	
Oats.....	25,749	743,454	
Barley.....	14,990	349,254	
Flax.....	339	4,717	
Corn.....	70	1,214	
Potatoes.....	850	117,406	
Millet and Hungarian, tons.....	9,240		
Other Tame Hay, tons.....	2,501		

eighty-three cents per bushel. This it is claimed affords the producer, taking his high average yield into consideration, a good margin of profit.

The cost of carriage to Minneapolis or Duluth will run from thirteen cents to fifteen cents per bushel. The present price, seventy-five cents for No. 1, though remunerative, is low considering the shortage of other countries.

Eastern North Dakota makes no specialty of cattle raising, while as a diversification of the prevailing industry, it is an undoubted success. Sheep raising is just entered upon. If the success be as great as those interested claim it to be, then the State may be considered as having entered a line of industry in which she will stand with few equals.

The valley is by nature most prolific in wild grass of a most nutritious quality. Touching cultivated hays here are some figures for 1890:

	Pembina Co.	Grand Forks Co.
Acres of Millet and Hungarian.....	7,194	13,724
Average yield per acre, tons.....	1½	1½
Acres of Timothy, Clover and other farm grasses.....	454	3,636
Prairie under fence, used for meadow, acres.....	24,662	30,242
Flax is a paying crop. The estimate of the potato yield given heretofore is likely to prove deceptive. In 1890 that crop was the poorest of the kind ever raised in Pembina County,		

whereas root crops are nearly always a certainty. In respect of yield and quality they are rarely anything but superlative.

The fuel supply of the valley comes, in the instance of wood, mostly from the timber that fringes its rivers and streams, where wood in the shape of oak, ash, elm, basswood and other trees springs up abundantly. Prices range from \$3 to \$5 per cord, according to quality. The anthracite coal of Pennsylvania is largely used in the towns. The natural lignite, abounding in the western portions of the State, begins to come into use and the popularity of this coal increases as its merit and cheapness are recognized.

For those seeking a safe and, at the same time, remunerative investment for surplus capital, the valley offers the best inducements. Loans secured upon land give the mortgagee eight to ten per cent interest per annum, after payment of agents. The chances are that the interest is forthcoming at the end of the year as surely as the dividend of railroad or bank; or, in default thereof, in the event of foreclosure being necessary, at the end of one year from sale, the mortgagee takes good title to a piece of land worth at least three times the money invested therein.

When the sale of school lands took place those in the Red River counties were bought in by resident farmers living in the neighborhood of the same. The average price paid throughout the valley was \$20 per acre, while the maximum set by the act authorizing the sale was \$10. The actual maximum was in the neighborhood of \$30. Thus is attested the value placed upon the soil by those who have labored upon it, and earned a living from it; who, nine or ten years ago, bought from the Government at the rate of \$1.25 per acre.

The wages of unskilled labor vary from \$2.50 per day in the harvest field, to \$1.10 throughout the balance of the year. Labor is in constant demand; so much so that the laborer rather than the hirer is the dictator of wages. The wage

of such skilled labor as is necessary is proportionately high, but the call for such hardly overruns the supply already in the country.

There comes always these questions, as to a young country: What are its comforts? What about its wholesomeness?

If a man would have health let him come to Dakota. There is no malaria and this air is the only proof positive cure for dyspepsia known to the world. It is said, upon good medical authority, that hereditary pulmonary troubles are held in abeyance so long as the subject remains here. That the environment is conducive to vigor and longevity is past doubt, seeing the physical status of such natives as remain, or such whites as came early here, many of the latter in delicate health at the time of their arrival. Contagious diseases are rare. La grippe, whose ravages were so terrible elsewhere, though prevalent enough here for two seasons in the shape of a more than ordinarily severe cold, proved fatal in very few instances.

The average annual temperature is 35° F. The average January temperature is six degrees below zero. It is possible that on an occasional day, every third or fourth winter, the mercury

may drop shortly before sunrise to forty-seven degrees below zero. Doubtless, if a man is fool enough to remain out over night upon such occasions he will freeze. Yet I will venture to say that unless the thermometer were before one's eyes at such a time the assertion of the temperature would not be believed, so absolutely still is the air, so dry, so exhilarating to breathe, provided always that the body be warmly clothed. I should judge the ordinary maximum of cold, year about, to be 20° to 25° below zero; the ordinary minimum about 10° above zero, for January and early February. For November, December and March the temperature would vary in twenty-four hours from merely freezing to zero on the average. All through the winter, excepting always when the fierce norther prevails or the rarer and most accursed south wind laden with dampness, be astir, the skies are gray-blue and cloudless. The air is nothing less than a potent stimulant without a reaction. This is our normal winter weather.

The south wind is the most intolerable of all. 'Tis the chinook robbed of warmth and life, holding the dampness of the Pacific, cold with the chill of the Rockies and plains to the west, wet

as sea spray and clammy as the touch of a corpse. This wind only blows about the time of the spring equinox. The utmost chill lasts only about six hours when the western warmth of the Japan current begins to prevail, ushering in a thaw.

The norther or blizzard is a terrific thing while it lasts. Fortunately it is rare as it is brief. A real bonafide blizzard, such as I speak of, does happen during the course of a winter once in five to seven years. In such a case, to face the storm is an impossibility—persistence ending in death; for sky and plain are mixed as palpably as ocean and cloud in heavy storms at sea. This spray is whiter, louder, more stinging than the foam of the seas. Upon such a day a man had better stay at home. There is no excuse for him if he ventures forth,



THRESHING ON A RED RIVER VALLEY FARM.

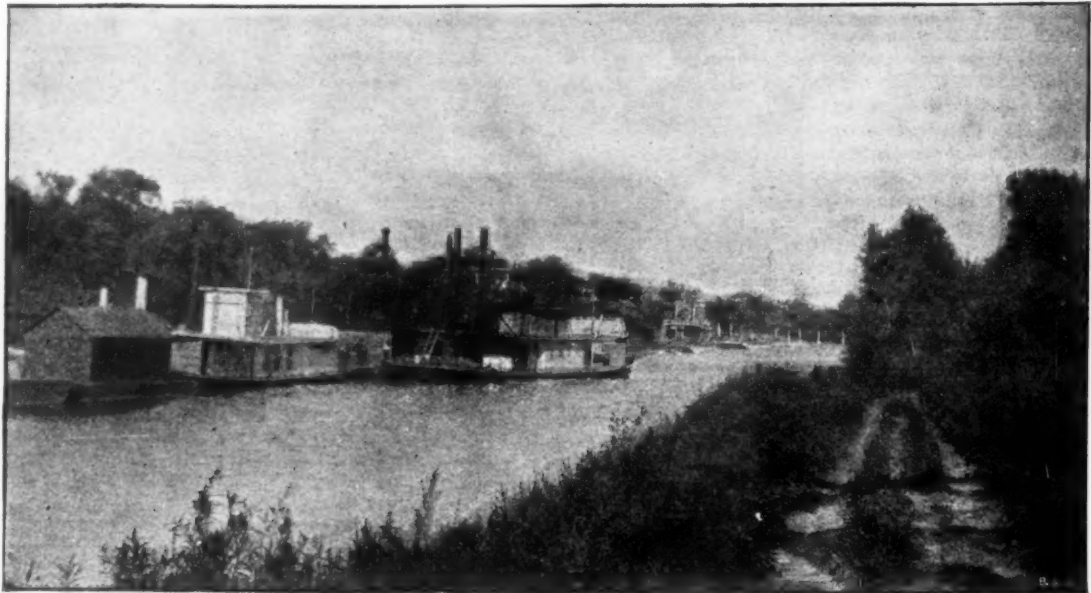


A HOME IN THE TIMBER, RED RIVER VALLEY.

for such storms do not come without warning. Indications are never wanting. If one, being upon a journey, is caught, he can drift—that is, run before the wind—for the temperature is always high, and now-a-days, so thickly settled is the prairie that he will not travel far before reaching shelter, in house, in wood, or river bed. However, at its worst, the blizzard of the prairie cannot vie for ferocity and length with the storm that swept the East and South in March, 1888.

Now, the storm ordinarily called a blizzard, of which there will happen four or five in an ordinary fierce winter, is nothing more than a good gale. If you are in timber you cannot perceive any severity. If a man knows his land-marks there is no danger, and very little hardship even, if he be ordinarily robust. Anyone who has surveyed upon one of the great lakes, or even upon a wide river in Northern New York, or the provinces of Quebec or Eastern Ontario in winter, has had to endure worse buffeting at the wind's hands than he would were he in the average winter wind storm of dry-aired Dakota.

The seasons are of about the same length as those of New York or Southern Quebec, having later spring and earlier fall frosts than these. The snowfall is very light. In the winter of 1887, the season of heaviest snows for a great number of years, the fall was during December, January and February 48.8 inches. Seeding begins about mid-April and extends into May. Harvesting lasts from about July 27th well into August. The earliest frost of dangerous consequence seldom occurs before August 15th. The ground is permanently frozen about November 7th. There are seldom prolonged rains, the weather being diversified throughout the season of growth, showers alternating with sunshine and breeze. Seldom is there experienced that languorous, close heat known to mountainous lands in summer. Fierce as the sun's rays are, the ever stirring breeze and rarified air always on the move



SCENE ON THE RED RIVER NEAR GRAND FORKS, NORTH DAKOTA.

over the level, treeless, grass-grown plain, temper the heat. Sunstroke is unknown. The quantity of rainfall from year to year is uncertain. Some seasons are plenteous, others droughty. The absorbent quality of the upper soil and the impervious, retentive aspect of the lower strata obviates much of the evils of dryness in years of scant rainfall.

The signal service record at Pembina gives twenty-one inches as the average of the past seventeen years. At Fargo the record stands twenty-seven inches for the same time. This is the distribution according to months:

	Pembina	Fargo
January.....	0.46	0.73
February.....	0.76	0.92
March.....	1.00	0.80
April.....	1.59	2.39
May.....	2.91	2.97
June.....	3.78	4.37
July.....	2.53	4.85
August.....	2.34	3.42
September.....	1.52	1.95
October.....	1.67	2.77
November.....	1.42	1.22
December.....	0.99	0.78

Mean annual precipitation.....21.91 27.17
Period covered by report—Pembina..... July, '74 to date.
" " " " Fargo.... Jan, '81 to date.

I would not venture to assert that the Red River Valley were a mete place for the scholar or savant, there being as yet a plentiful lack of Greek texts or schools of comparative anatomy. The field naturalist though, and the artist, would find here realms of new glory awaiting the coming of the conqueror.

For those who look only for the ordinary education for their children, the public school system of this State affords every facility, the system and management being unsurpassed. Pembina County spent upon her schools in 1890 \$36,330, it is said, and Grand Forks upon her's \$37,532, in the same year. In the State University at Grand Forks, established only six years ago, we have a seat of the higher learning, that hopes to greet through her alumni, upon equal terms, the like institutions of older States before many years are passed. There are numerous other State educational establishments—school of mines, school of agriculture, and normal schools, as well as the sectarian, educational and ecclesiastical foundations of many denominations.

Though the bison be a thing of the past—and the subject of some wondrous legends among the old timers—the deer and bear are still to be found

by the huntsman a short distance from the boundaries of the valley. If, otherwise, he would enjoy sport-at-ease—together with an appetite as remorseless as the grave—he will find both in chicken or grouse hunting. Again, if he seek his game at the expense of some toil he may have it by wading into one of the many sloughs in which the land abounds, while his reward shall consist in mallard, teal, *et hoc genus omne*. Or, further, let him lie in his cunning "blind," under the nipping air of late October or early March, and listen for the "Ya honk" of the grey goose to keep his blood astir.

It will have been gathered from what goes before that this valley offers small inducements to the speculative monopolist. There is little room for one to wax great in millions, while millions wax great in want. This is the people's land, I



STOCK FARM HOMESTEAD NEAR CROOKSTON, MINN.

think. For labor there is wide room and fair pay. For capital a fair rate of interest is always ready. For the farmer, immigrating here with a moderate capital, there is a soil of the most productive and inexhaustible quality to be had for a less price than could the sterile, worn-out acres of his old home. For the farmer of lesser means there is many an opening, if he prefer this most fertile belt rather than the less productive agricultural free land further west. Lands here may be rented upon fair terms. Much may be bought upon the half-crop instalment system. Oftentimes it has occurred that his share of one year's crops has given the capable tenant money enough to buy outright the land he entered upon under lease.

Apart from the libelled climate, one of the reasons that weighed against North Dakota in the world's opinion is this—farming has not appeared to pay. This is an opinion founded upon fallacious reasoning.

The majority of settlers in this valley came here financially worth nothing. Thereupon they took up land. Oftentimes they pre-empted, (or else commuted the homestead) then at the end of six months they had to "prove up." The ex-

hundred acres clear of trees; and had with a cradle cut the grain betwixt the charred stumps—grain that was phenomenal if it yielded ten bushels to the acre.

Man is not a machine for drudgery merely. There be other requisites, would he remain human—one, leisure betwixt toil that he may look upon the face of the Kosmos and know what beauty means—this after the food and raiment and shelter have been provided. All these may he have in the Dakotas, will he content him with moderation as opposed to plethora.

History tells of a narrow valley cleft by a great stream whose waters, at twilight, were ruddy in color, whose sources were mysterious as the benefits the waves brought therefrom. This valley, says science, was once a chasm similar to the neighboring Red Sea, but, long e'er man had looked upon the sun, filled with the detritus borne from the hoary hills within the currents of "Holy Nile." Such was the "granary of the Roman Empire" two thousand years ago. Such is she yet. In geological conformation similar, in all else differing, the Red River Valley is the prouder named granary of the New World. Ardent sun, balm-laden zephyrs of early summer,

argent is just touched with more ardent gold, as if the aged die were about to be reborn to burning planetary life; had you watched the sere, faint, gray-brown of the wilted grasses sweep like a sea's width to the eastern lift, sibilant in the cadenced faint winds that sing the "untold want." In such an hour the hereditary faith at the bottom of the heart had sprung alive again. Myth and faerie lore had been renewed, and mayhap, the thought springing to the native mythology, you had deemed that the warm, perfumed breeze was not solely the effect of dull Kosmos, but rather a caress forth of the lips of the tutelar spirit of the North.

"Kanata, queen of northern skies,
Maid of the tender lip and hand,
The dark and hospitable eyes."

Or, looking again to the name of the place, "better" were your unspoken thought, "had it been called Gladshheim," after that mansion of Asgard that shall stand though the Aesir and their works totter as Roquarock's ghastly light blacken over against the face of the dawn—Gladshheim (gladness-home.)

*The verses are those of Charles Mair, of Prince Albert, N. W. T.,—true poet, yet proper man of affairs.



HOME OF A WALSH COUNTY FARMER WHO SETTLED IN THE RED RIVER VALLEY TEN YEARS AGO WITH A CAPITAL OF FIFTY DOLLARS.

pense of this, along with the necessary improvements, meant a mortgage upon the land of from \$250 to \$600. Then horses were bought at the price of say \$600. A cow represented \$50. Plows, harrows, reaper, rake and other implements meant \$400 more. All this meant, during the reckless seasons of credit—debt; and, in the end, judgments against the real estate. Yet, at a moderate estimate, fifty per cent of those who began the world with less than nothing own comfortable homes, the personal estate cleared and the realty as well, or the latter with an encumbrance equal to one-tenth of the market value, which one good crop will clear away.

In instances where a man began as a farmer—that is, as one educated in the noblest of crafts—and had enough money withal to prove up and buy tools for a start, the universal rule is that you find a man well-to-do and likely to become moderately rich.

The failures meant inexperience added to unmeasured financial extravagance. They, the sons of the forest-fellers of the East, must ride in self-binders and sulky plows over a stoneless soil, whilst their sires had thought themselves fortunate to have hewn, in a life-time, eighty or a

heritage of both. Scathing desert blast, breathless calm, or lethal sirocco to heap the charred sands in great death-mounds over the engulfed caravan—this was Egypt's barrier to progress. Compared to it what is our fierce, yet bracing norther, robed in scudding, evanescent snowflake, upon which the chinook breathing, the accursed drift softens and becomes the mother-milk of roe and sunflower. The land of eld, long weighed down by thousand woes, tyranny, caste, conquest thralldom of the people; spelled by the wizard rune of countless awful superstitions—Egypt. Look on this side, limitless in daring, loving and beloved of freedom and equity; free in sense and spirit, full of the pulse of newer suns and more gladsome winds—Dakota.

Three months ago, upon such a night as only our autumn affords, had you taken post on the Pembina hills overlooking Walhalla (Val-Hala, the after-place of All-Father Woden's chosen men, where the heroes need think no more on the doom of steel or the gnashing of the sea's homeless waves) and stood, or lain down in the fragrant covert while the crystal flood of Pembina, as yet untouched by the clay of the plain, hurtles down the ravine, under the vitreous lunar glare, whose

CROP WORTH MORE THAN LAND.

Some people down East have rather scoffed at the idea of a man buying land in North Dakota in the spring and paying for it with the proceeds of the crop in the fall, and think if so it must be an exceptional case. Yet the assessed valuation of all the farms of North Dakota for 1890 was about \$55,000,000 and the crop of 1891, according to Mr. Helgesen, State Statistician, of wheat alone, is 65,000,000 bushels, worth \$45,000,000 at home prices. We raised oats, barley, potatoes, hay, stock, wool and other products to more than pay the other \$10,000,000 and have seed left for another season. It is a wonderful fact that a whole State has raised a crop equal in value to the farms it was raised upon, at their assessed value. Or, to put it another way, at eight dollars per acre the wheat crop of the entire State would buy every acre it was raised upon, and as many acres beside. At present hundreds of good farms are for sale in North Dakota for eight dollars per acre, but such prices cannot last long. Now is the time to catch on to a North Dakota farm.—*Pembina Pioneer Express.*



"JOHN, WISHING TO GET A BETTER SIGHT, RAISED TO HIS FEET."

IN PURSUIT OF THE PHANTOM.

BY HERBERT BASHFORD.

Old Jim McHilany, or "Dirty Jim," as he was commonly called, was a decidedly queer individual. Nor am I alone in my opinion of this peculiar personage, for Grandfather Baldwin, a man of good judgment, considered him the greatest oddity he had ever known in the seventy years of his nomadic life; and when my grandfather made such a remark it was not without forethought and deliberate consideration.

I was a boy of ten when I first saw McHilany—a circumstance that still lingers in my memory. I had come from the remote East to visit my grandfather's folks, who had a ranch in the State of Washington, near to where now stand the brick blocks of a thriving city. It was on the morning of the third day after my arrival that I was splitting some kindling wood in the doorway. I had succeeded, boy-fashion, in cutting a hole in my shoe, which I was endeavoring to remedy before my grandmother should see it, when, being attracted by a series of loud cries from a chicken seemingly in distress, I was very much frightened by the approach of a little old man who carried in his hand a speckled fowl. For a moment I hesitated whether to stand my ground or run; but seeing my Uncle John, a lad of fourteen, standing in the open door with a broad smile on his handsome face, I decided to be real brave and stood there watching the old man closely.

It would have been a difficult task had one attempted to guess his age. He was frail and bent

and walked with an unsteady step, relying for support upon a heavy staff that he clenched with lean, grimy fingers. His face presented a very weazened appearance and was without a sign of beard, which I remember of accounting for by the fact that the accumulated dirt of years was thickly incrustated thereon, thus rendering any growth impossible. His small, watery eyes were a dull yellowish blue. Locks of coarse gray hair fell upon his shoulders in a tangled mane, while his lower lip hung down, exposing a solitary discolored tooth. His wearing apparel, the sight of which impressed me strongly, consisted of a cap made from the skin of some animal; the filthy remnant of a woolen shirt, a greasy coat, with ragged tail and sleeves; delapidated pantaloons reaching to his ankles, and huge buckle shoes. I could think of nothing else but the pictures I had drawn of the teacher on the blackboard at school. My youthful heart pitied the chicken he carried, for I was certain it would not have lamented so loudly had it been in more civilized hands.

The old man muttered to himself incoherently, and on coming close to me he dropped the staff and reaching forth his bony fingers, pinched me first on one cheek and then on the other, while my heart pounded violently against my pocket. After these strange proceedings he pinched his own cheek in a similar manner, shaking his head sadly, perhaps because he found his face was not as plump as the one he looked upon. He then trudged on, with his burden crying at every step he took, and I with open mouth gazed after him completely mystified. I then learned from my uncle what the old man's name was, and that he lived alone in a cabin some distance below with

only his poultry for companions. He also informed me that the people living thereabouts knew little of him, some believing him to be slightly insane, while others thought him simply odd, as he was never known to do anything that would justify the former appellation.

John and I made many excursions through the deep fir forests surrounding the farm. One day he took me down to the old swamp, a good twenty minutes' walk from Grandfather's house. It was the most dismal place I ever saw. Along the water's edge stood dead trees with long, crooked limbs which waved in each gust of wind and rattled together in a wierd fashion until they seemed great skeletons; and as I looked at them I felt sort of a pity for their misfortune. The swamp was about a quarter of a mile in width by a mile in length, with ragged patches of rushes growing here and there in rank profusion, interspersed with tall, tangled sword-grass. The inky pools were in places overshot with a green scum, through which the watersnakes slid and where myriads of flies and bugs made their home. Where a rotting log lay half buried in ooze was a small canoe said to have been the property of an Indian who years before used it for hunting ducks which during the winter months swarmed around the swamp in great numbers. We took the canoe, and with the broad, flat paddle John sent the little craft hither and thither. It tipped on the slightest provocation and I seized its sides with both hands. My uncle explained to me that I was liable to upset us by doing so. Since then the Puget Sound Indians have informed me likewise.

Night was coming on when we started for home, and on this occasion we traversed a by-

path leading past the habitation of "Dirty Jim."

His cabin, a small affair with sagging roof and half-tumbled down fireplace on one side, was built of "shakes," looking old and weather beaten. Hard by were three chicken houses, noticeable for nothing save their queer construction. There was a loud cackling of hens, and as we approached the owner of the fowls issued from the house where the disturbance seemed to be transpiring. In looks he remained the same as when I first saw him, though I believe his face was not so dirty, which isn't saying much, for it may have been merely my fancy. He was apparently surprised on seeing us.

"Good evening, Mr. McHilany," said John, pleasantly.

He nodded and beckoned to us with his long fore-finger to follow him into the cabin. I confess I did not relish the idea, but where John went I did. A log was blazing in the fireplace. I discovered that my nostrils were unaccustomed to the disagreeable odor that pervaded the place. In the flickering firelight I could discern a rickety table with a piece of candle and broken dishes upon it and a kind of bunk, which I supposed served as a bed. We seated ourselves on a bench and when the old man had again gone through the process of pinching my cheeks—a highly uncomfortable ceremony to me—he asked us in a whisper where we had been.

"Taking a canoe ride down in the swamp," answered John.

At this he uttered some words I could not understand, going through wierd incantations while I hardly dared look behind me for fear of being seized by something supernatural. Then shaking a lean finger in our faces he said in a husky voice; "Do not go there; the phantom will get you."

At the word "phantom" my flesh began to creep.

"What do you mean?" we asked in chorus.

He twisted his face into horrible shapes and whispered confidentially, "A ghost."

My uncle laughed.

"Ah, lad, laugh if you will, but some day you'll remember my words," he said hoarsely; "every night at dark it walks the swamp. It is white as snow and makes a rustling sound when it comes, and the frogs all stop croaking. Many a night have I seen it and once it waved its arms at me and I was so frightened I had a chill and gasped for my breath. It would drive me mad if I should see it again. Lads, beware of the swamp, for the phantom will get you."

Here Mr. McHilany went to muttering and gesticulating.

It was deep twilight when we continued our homeward way. John ignored the story of the phantom, saying it was wholly the imagination of a half-insane man. Nevertheless, it had made me uneasy, though I tried not to show it and burlesqued the tale; but at the same time took great precaution not to get very far from my uncle's heels, and was in constant dread when our path led us through a gloomy thicket. On reaching home I told Grandfather of the old man's story, whereupon he ejaculated "All bosh!"

This was sufficient to dispel from my mind the slightest tinge of superstition, for when my aged relative expressed himself so forcibly I deemed the words infallible. However, John said some evening we would go down to the swamp and see if there was not something that in the night may, to Dirty Jim's dim vision, have assumed a spectral appearance. Accordingly one August afternoon we started out, leading the folks at home to think we were going hunting and would not return until late, while in reality we were in pursuit of the phantom. We crossed the swamp in the canoe, secreting it among the rushes, and climbed the steep, thickly wooded hillside, from which eminence we could see the farmhouse

glimmering through the haze. We picked our way along from log to log, keeping a sharp lookout for birds; or, at least, John did, for I spent the greater part of the time in eating huckleberries, of which there were three kinds in these woods—red, blue and black. I preferred the red ones; they tasted better I thought; probably because they were the prettiest.

The sun went down, setting the western woods aflame, and we had killed nothing. The shades of night crept in among the big fir trunks as we returned to the canoe. The trees skirting the opposite border of the swamp were now an indefinable mass of black. Mosquitoes sung around our ears trying to make the occasion as entertaining to us as possible, while we took seats in the canoe and shot out among the rushes. John sat in the bow with the shotgun lying beside him. It was so lonely I half wished myself at home, though my uncle was perfectly unconcerned, remarking occasionally that he could see nothing resembling a ghost. It grew darker. The swamp became musical with the voices of frogs; the night-hawks wailed mournfully and swooped down past us; a great crane drifted over like a shadow; at intervals an owl hooted from the gloomy hill and a bird, frightened by our approach, uttered a peculiar cry as it tore away among the reed tops, startling me so I almost fell overboard. After awhile the moon, round and large, lifted itself languidly from behind the eastern ridge. The distant fir tops were etched against its rich red gold. The stars gleamed brightly, looking down on us through long lashes of light and each dark pool was set with gems.

The moonlight showered through the silent rushes, lighting up the swamp and dispelling the gathering darkness. Suddenly the frogs ceased their croaking and all was still. My heart quickened its beat when I recalled the words of Dirty Jim. Then from far below came a noise—a low, rushing sound that impressed me with a sense of utter loneliness. I whispered cautiously to John, asking him what it was. He did not know and stopped paddling. Just then a cloud covered the face of the moon. I strained my eyes to catch a glimpse of something—I knew not what. Could it be possible the phantom was on its way? Closer and closer came the sound. I was certain I heard the rustle of ghostly garments and am sure had my hair not been so short it would have raised my cap from my head.

How foolish I felt when I found it was only a gust of wind!

My uncle again sent the canoe cutting through the pools. We were within a few rods of the swamp's edge when we saw the form of a man coming down the path from the upland.

We halted. He walked to where the ground began to get boggy, and stopping, leaned over, as if searching for something. We heard him muttering.

"Dirty Jim," whispered John.

Of what McHilany was in quest I had no idea. He was digging in the mud. The tall rushes standing between ourselves and him prevented us from obtaining a good view, and John, wishing to get a better sight, raised to his feet. As he did so the canoe rocked, causing the gun to rattle, and my uncle in attempting to keep his balance waved his arms wildly. Such a shriek as rent the night air and echoed among the hills across the swamp, I hope never to hear again. It was unearthly.

Then we beheld Dirty Jim hobbling up the path as rapidly as his withered legs could carry him, and shouting "The phantom! the phantom!"

We were completely astounded. Then it occurred to me that John, who wore a white woolen shirt and no coat, must have borne so close resemblance to the supernatural creature of which Mr. McHilany had told us, that the old man on seeing him was terrified. The more we

thought the affair over the more ludicrous it seemed to us. We lay in the canoe and laughed till we cried.

But what was Dirty Jim doing here at this hour? Did he have a hidden fortune, and was the story of the phantom told to keep us away from the place of concealment? We landed, and procuring two long poles, poked around in the mud for quite awhile, but discovered no buried treasure.

The next day we rolled our pantaloons to the knees, making a more extensive search, splashing around in the muddy water for some time and expecting every moment to unearth a can of gold. Alas! we were disappointed. The following week we made a visit to Mr. McHilany's out of sheer curiosity to hear what he would say of the phantom. There was not a chicken to be seen about the place. The cabin door was wide open and we entered. The room was barren of its rude furniture, while the spiders had spun their webs across the fireplace. "Dirty Jim" was gone.

THE NEW MINNESOTA IRON DISTRICT.

The woods of Northern Minnesota along the Mesaba Range will be alive with prospectors and miners the coming spring and summer. There is no longer room for doubt that iron ore deposits exist along that range of equal value at least to those of the famous Gogebic Range in Wisconsin and Michigan, the discovery of which made such a furore in 1885 and 1886. A railroad is now building to the range from a point on the Duluth and Winnipeg line about midway between Cloquet and Grand Rapids and will be finished in time for a good deal of ore to be taken out and brought down to Duluth for shipment during the season of navigation. Several strong companies are operating already on the range and others will begin as soon as the road reaches their properties. The Mesaba range of mountains is the dividing height between the waters flowing north into Hudson's Bay and those south into the Mississippi. The word "Mesaba" in Indian means giant, and the range is one of the highest in Northern Minnesota and from three to four miles in width. It extends from the upper waters of the Mississippi in a northern course for 150 miles, and enters Canada at Hunter's Island. Throughout its entire length it runs parallel to the Vermilion Range, which is north about twenty miles. The nearest point to Duluth is about sixty miles. The formation is very irregular, and, as stated before, was probably formed by some volcanic disturbance. Indications of iron deposits are found throughout its entire course, and the chances are more than equal that the ore will be found in paying quantities wherever it may be developed, but at present only a short distance of twenty miles has been inspected and found to contain rich beds of hematite.

A WINTRY DAY ON THE MARSH.

Around about me pipe the reeds
Which stand so brown and tall;
While far across the dismal marsh
I see a snowy wall,
Where angry waves are piling high,
And bleak winds loudly call.

A parting ship with full blown sails,
Is on the stormy bay;
The crawling path it leaves behind
Is white as flowers in May.
Through drifts of foam the vessel flies,
And now it fades away.

Above, the flying ducks and geese
Seem dots against the sky;
Beneath dwarf willows slowly creeps
The tawny river by;
A grey mist hides the distant hill,
And, hark, how seagulls cry!

HERBERT BASHFORD.

Puget Sound.

ON THE PEND D'OREILLE.

BY ALLISON FRENCH.

When we first came in sight of the Pend d'Oreille River, we were on a lofty headland some three hundred feet above the water. The broad, deep, slowly moving current gave us a chilling impression of treacherous and merciless power. And we discovered later that this is the common impression conveyed by the sight of any large body of water viewed from above. Get down to the water's edge and the unpleasant sensation is lessened, if not dispelled entirely. Especially is this true of the Pend d'Oreille, at most parts of its course, for there is rarely to be found a quieter or safer stream. At the Landing, where we first saw it, some thirty miles below the Pend d'Oreille Lake, the river is about a quarter of a mile wide, and for a long distance it is quite free from shoals or other impediments to navigation. It is not "clear as crystal," as mountain streams commonly are, but of a peculiar pea-green tint, translucent rather than transparent. Great forests of pine and fir troop along the shores, and beautiful lush savannahs, subject to overflow in the June rise, reach back for miles along the tributary sedgy Kalispel.

We stopped at the little inn at the Landing and immediately took boat down the river. Our boatman was a sturdy British sailor, an ex-member of Her Majesty's navy. We put aboard a miscellaneous array of camp utensils, supplies, fire-arms, etc., not forgetting ourselves. Then our merry tar slipped the hawser, and we were off to the tune of "Away down the river of the O-hi-o."

It was an enchanting trip, floating down that broad, unfrequented river in the calm August afternoon. Constantly changing mountain views unfolded before us, although the immediate shores were monotonous enough. In the north the unknown Kalispel Range showed its white caps, and its dingy mantle of pine forest, a howling, dismal wilderness. Our boatman told wild tales of that region, of the miles on miles of pine-encumbered mountain, choked with fallen trees and corpses of hawthorn, impassable but for the bounding deer; of morasses, impenetrable, trackless, unknown but to the prowling Indian and the inquisitive bear. But the river is a highway, free, ample, always passable, and the red men have for ages made it their chief thoroughfare.

We camped that night under a giant pine on a little grassy knoll directly opposite the Kalispel village. We could see the lodge fires gleam across the water, and hear an occasional yelp of cur or shout of dusky urchin. Wild fowl clamored on an island in the river; but worst of all the mosquitoes attacked us, and did more to keep us awake than all the strange noises of the night, or the novelty of our situation.

The next morning we visited the ruins of the old Kalispel Mission, which was abandoned years ago. It was almost pathetic to see the interest our party evinced at the sight of that melancholy relic of humanity. Wild nature had already exhausted our enthusiasm. We were pleased to find even so slight a trace of the kindly influences of human occupation. It added a new and surprising value to the else solitary river. Human interest in landscape is an influence little suspected by the uninitiated, but nevertheless it is an influence more potent and vital than the sentiment of beauty, or the worship of the ideal. And herein exists the irresistible charm of the Old World, and the monotony of the New. The one, rich by historical association and venerable traditions of human endurance and valor; the other, untamed, hostile, inhuman, without past, without interest, save that which centers in a humdrum unpicturesque abundance and prosperity.

Kalispel Mission is little more than a ruin—built years ago by those intrepid pioneers, the Jesuit Fathers. The broken roof and vacant windows let in the wind and rain, and the timbers have become gray and mossy under the persistent action of time and weather. But that little mouldering heap of timber appeals to the sympathies with a more intelligible voice than does the most romantic sylvan nook that can be found.

We returned to the Landing that evening, and found that our horses had escaped during our absence, and taken the back track for the settlements; and that our host had set off in pursuit of them. It was three days before he returned. Those three days will always stand apart in my memory. We seemed more isolated than ever. We had landed on a desert island, as it were, and had burned the ship that brought us thither. We fished a little in the river, and watched the noiseless bark canoes of the Indians glide by, and beheld ever "the broad, bright river drawing slowly its waters from the purple hill." But the chief influence of that scene, beautiful beyond expression though it was, was yet profoundly oppressive. We were surprised that it should be so and we debated much upon the reasons for it.

We were basking, Indian-like, in the sun on a lofty promontory, when one of our party familiarly termed the "Speaker" struck a telling attitude, and began pouring forth his sonorous sentences in a copious tide of eloquence. It was a little weakness of the Speaker's, a mild kind of vanity, and he would sometimes discourse by the hour in this wise. We were speaking of human interest in landscape, and the consequent superiority of European over American scenery, when the Speaker set the subject at rest by a lengthy oration. I recall his concluding remarks.

"For my part," said he, "I have but little patience with those narrow-sighted railers who censure the American tourist for flying to Europe before viewing the grander natural scenery of our own continent. We have, indeed, incomparably grand mountain ranges, rivers that traverse three parallels of latitude, and other features in keeping, but, unfortunately for the home entertainment of our tourists, their very magnitude is wearisome—their crudeness is repellent. Our rivers, rising in remote and solitary regions, run almost their entire course without passing a point of legendary or historical interest. The Hudson, and other sections swept by the armies of the Revolution, are more fortunate, but how meagre it all is when compared with the Rhine and the Danube. There every brook and eminence is consecrated ground. In the towns and cities, what wealth of art and science, music and literature and statuary—everywhere are records and monuments of the splendid past. In short, Europe is thoroughly humanized. In the newer portions of America (the comparison is ludicrous) the thrifty free-holder's domicile and premises of a few years' existence ornament each quarter-section; and with the cheap, humdrum, clapboarded trading towns, constitute the sole record of civilization in a region wide enough for an empire."

We visited one evening Island Falls, distant some two miles from the Landing. Two powerful oarsmen and a pilot handled our staunch little craft. About a quarter of a mile below the falls we encountered the swift and tumultuous water, still foaming from its passage through the narrow and precipitous channels. Short, chopping waves, a foot or more high, leaped up all about us with a strange animation, as if instinct with life. The boat hung motionless in the racing current; it began to lose ground. The oarsmen redoubled their exertions; we crept up stream again, inch by inch. The little pea-green waves buffeted us saucily, and tossed us about. The din of the waters was appalling. But still we

drew slowly nearer the landing place on the island. Finally there remained but a rod or so of madly swirling water, and we would enter the little haven in the lee of the island. The oarsmen lent their strength to the effort; the oars bent; would they break or hold? The boat hung still, then crept upward again, inch by inch. A few moments of the most vigorous rowing it has ever been my lot to witness, carried us through into quieter water; and a moment later we were ashore, with the boat made fast to a stunted pine upon the island.

It was a spot wild and solitary; a solid volcanic rock, an acre or more in extent, high, sterile, hard as steel. Here and there a scraggy pine led a perilous and unsatisfactory life—a mad struggle to hold on. All its energy was spent in that unprofitable enterprise; it had no strength left to grow; it could not even clothe itself decently; a handful of dingy needles here and there was its only attire. Like some men we have seen, by nature able and industrious, thwarted by poverty, blighted by unfavorable environment, stunted by a niggard intellectual soil, their abortive and unhappy lives are but struggles to hold on. How many life tragedies the little pine symbolizes! We felt a thrill of pity for its forlorn condition. We should have liked to encourage it by throwing a handful of generous soil about its roots.

All about the island boiled the agitated water, driven white as milk in the channels of escape. We fancied that the solid rock jarred and trembled under the tumultuous assault. It is said that a man once took up residence on the island, with a view of securing the water-power for manufacturing purposes. He lived a month or more on his property, listening to a din so great that he could scarcely "hear himself think." At length he was taken off by a friend, half crazed and ill. He was rendered temporarily deaf, it is said, and could not hear a person speak, in ordinary conversation, for some weeks afterward. After a visit to the island we could readily credit the story.

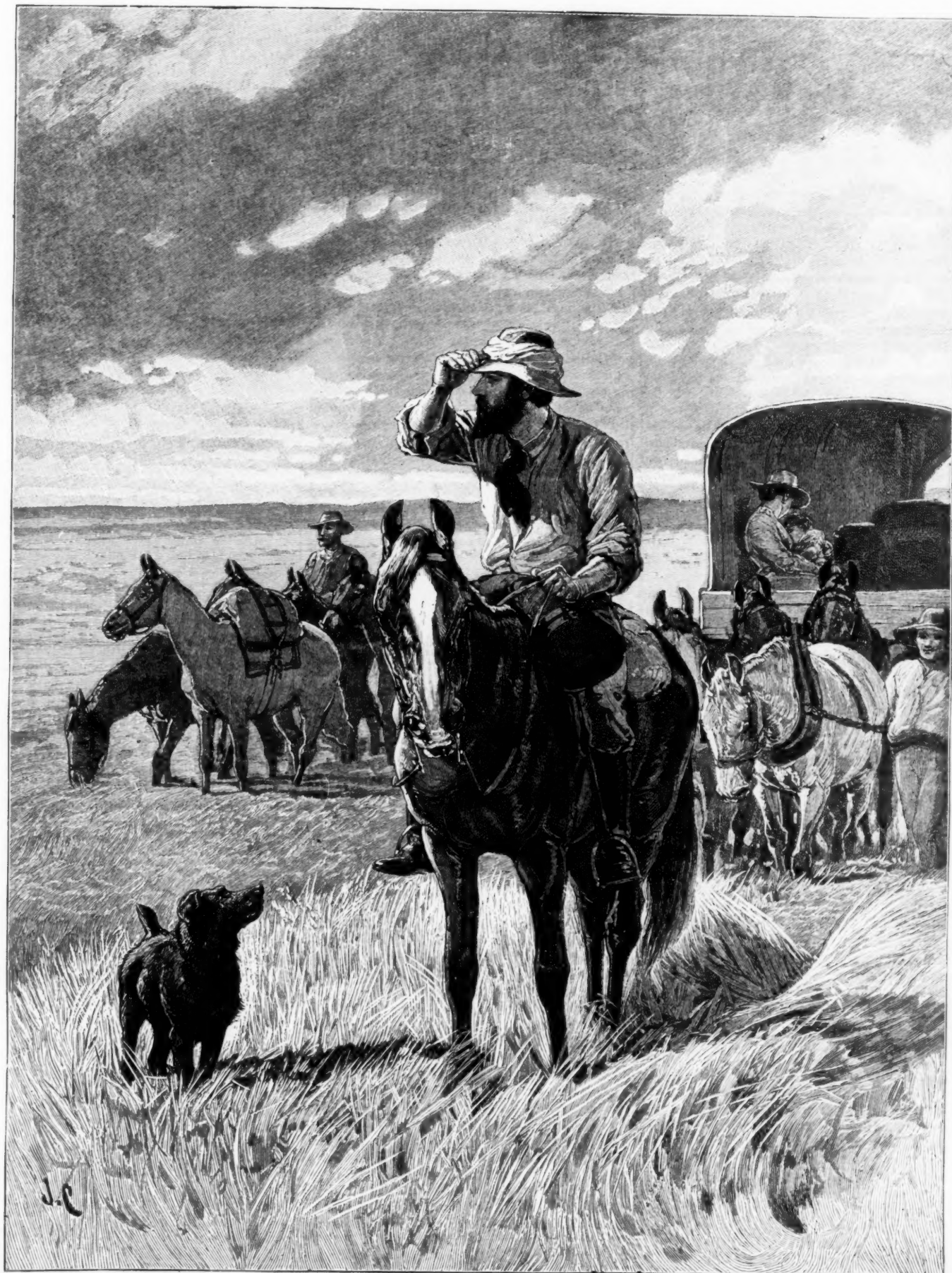
From the summit of the island we could see for miles up and down the river. Above, the water was still and wide and placid as a lake. Below the current became as impetuous as a mill-race, mighty as a sea. The sun was just setting, a red globe among troubled clouds. Across the unquiet water streamed the red flame of the sunset, weird, intense, fading to a ruby shimmer, a soft carmine flush, giving place at last to the umber and leaden hues of night. The piece was ended; the curtain had fallen; the lights were out. It was only left us to get aboard, and abandon ourselves to the powerful tide of the river. Down we went, over those little impetuous, chopping waves. It was like driving over a cobble-stone pavement. But in a trice we were floating on quiet water again. The din of the falls grew fainter. All about us loomed the black, mysterious forest, and we could hear the wild deer break the brush, and the owl and the coyote utter their notes of lamentation; and right before us shone the light of the little inn.

AT A MILESTONE.

When I in lonely retrospect, anon,
Remember me of men of worth, who graced
This very path along whose course I haste,
And made it beautiful to walk upon,
Its lighter dusks, prophetic of the Dawn,
I am not disencouraged: they have traced
Emblems whose import hath not been effaced,
Tokens to point me whither they have gone.

And, be my journeying prolonged or brief,
The olive's peace, the tall palm's victory
Along the wayside flourish strong and bloom:
And glad thro' hope, and patient made by grief,
I seek my last, sweet resting place, where He
Hath formed a quiet arbor of the tomb.

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.



SEEKING A HOME ON THE PLAINS OF THE FAR WEST.

CARRYING A MUSKET.

I do not intend to write any long account of my experiences in the Civil War. So much has been said of late in magazine and newspaper articles and at meetings of the Grand Army about the great struggle between North and South, that the topic is a little threadbare. I shall only touch upon a few matters purely personal to myself, not attempting to give any general descriptions of battles or to indulge in any heroics about patriotism and heroism. I think I made a fairly good soldier. I never fell out of the ranks during the hard march nor sneaked to the rear when the booming of the cannon in front told us infantry men that a battle was imminent. I did my duty with a certain stubborn determination and a pride in doing well what I had undertaken to do, but I must confess that the whole business of soldiering was abhorrent to me. I had not the slightest conception when I enlisted of what a soldier's life was—of the dirt and misery and weariness, of the long marches in the mud with worn-out shoes and with the water trickling down the back under the collar of the soaked overcoat; or of camping on the rain or snow-soaked ground in the darkness, when the fatigue of the day's march was so great that the men would throw themselves down as soon as the command to halt and break ranks was given, too worn out and dispirited to even attempt to kindle fires and make coffee. The profanity and vulgarity of camp life disgusted me. I did not then know that this is the inevitable accompaniment of herding men together without the refining influence of women. The same blasphemy and obscenity which appalled me in our army tents, may be heard in miner's and lumbermen's camps at this day. There was one company in our regiment that was almost wholly free from this abomination—a company of young Oberlin college students—highminded, religious young men. They were much ridiculed at first by the other companies for singing hymns in their tents at night and for refusing to go on plundering expeditions in search of poultry and pigs to the farms near our camps, but in time they won the respect of the whole regiment by their courage in battle and their endurance on the march.

We lived in Sibley tents—conical-shaped, high, and supported in the center by a stout pole. Twelve men were assigned to each tent. We slept with our heads against the canvass wall and our feet towards the center pole. In winter we had a small sheet-iron stove in the middle of the tent, the smoke of which escaped through an aperture at the top. These tents were invented by General Sibley of Minnesota. When the hard work of the war began they were found to be too cumbersome to transport and were discarded for the wretched little dog-tent. This was formed of three pieces of rubber-cloth which buttoned together, two forming the sides and one the end. The pieces were carried on the backs of the men and when the dog-tent was set up at night with the help of two crotched sticks and a pole, there was just room enough in it for three to crawl in and lie on the ground. A camp-fire was built in front and a ditch dug around to carry off the water in

case it should rain. No humane man would shelter a dog in such a contrivance, yet these were the homes in which the soldiers lived during the three closing years of the war. When we lay in camp for a few weeks messes were organized and the rations were cooked in camp kettles, but on the march every man looked out for himself. A blackened tin cup holding about a quart was slung to the haversack, and this served for boiling coffee and for cooking a mess made of hard tack and salt pork. Coffee was our main stay. Even when the guns were roaring in front and the regiment expected every minute an order to go into battle, the men would gather splinters and sticks from the fences or woods and at hundreds of little fires the coffee cups would be set to boil.

One great misery of a soldier's life which I do not remember to have seen spoken of in the many books and articles published about the war, was the vermin which infested our clothing. A kind of louse known to the soldiers as the gray-back multiplied by myriads in the seams of our coarse woolen shirts and trowsers. The horror of feeling that some strange creature was feeding upon one's flesh and blood was a greater trial to most of us than any dread of wounds and death. Whenever we had a quiet day in camp the men would boil their clothing in the mess kettles in an attempt to mitigate the miseries that came from this pest of vermin, but I never knew of any company securing entire freedom from them.

In every soldier's memory the first experience of battle is impressed with a vividness not equalled by any other event in life. We of the Seventh Ohio Infantry received our first baptism of fire in West Virginia in an affair which was scarcely more than a skirmish and is long since forgotten by all except the men engaged in it. It occurred at a place called Cross Lanes and our antagonist was General Floyd of Georgia. I shall never forget the strange sensation when I saw a long line of men in gray march out of the woods and realized that they were the enemy; nor shall I forget the thrill of excitement when a flash of fire swept along that gray line and the bullets sang about our ears, cut the grass about our feet and chipped splinters from the rails of the old fence behind which we lay. In that fight the captain of my company was killed at my side. We were outnumbered and defeated and we retreated sullen and despondent for two days across a mountain wilderness to our base of operations at Charleston. Our next taste of the wild excitement of battle was at Winchester, in Virginia, where three brigades of Northern troops fought stubbornly with Stonewall Jackson's army all one afternoon and at last drove the enemy from the field. That was my first experience of charging a battery. Our brigade had been lying for some time on the slope of a hill, supporting two of our batteries, which were pounding away at the enemy's guns half concealed in the woods across a narrow valley. It was a beautiful spring day, the leaves were pushing out on the branches and the grass was green and I remember that the robins sang in the intervals of the thunder of the cannon. Our general came riding up and shouted: "We're ordered to take the rebel battery; men, will you do it?" Of course we all yelled, "We will," although I doubt if there were many in the brigade that felt any strong desire for that sort of business. We made a long detour through the woods, dumped our blankets and haversacks in a field, keeping only our cartridge boxes and canteens; then we moved forward again in column by divisions of two companies front, keeping as still as possible, but the tramping of 2,000 men among the dry leaves and twigs of the forest made a great, subdued roaring noise. My company with the Oberlin company formed the front line. Suddenly there came a crackling of mus-

ketry from among the trees—the fire of the enemy's picket guard. The orderly sergeant of the Oberlin company, a noble young man to whom I was deeply attached, fell dead, shot through the forehead. We were ordered to take the quickstep. Before we could see what was in our front we drew the fire of the battery and the grape shot and canister passing over our heads brought down the leaves and limbs of the trees in a green shower. Soon all order was lost, and the men were huddled together in a ravine, some firing at the flash of the guns and some taking shelter behind trees. It took perhaps half an hour for the officers to form a ragged line and get the men down to the steady work of loading and firing. There was a stone wall across our open field in front of us and from this wall came jets of fire. I lay on my back behind a little knoll, loaded my gun, raised myself on my elbows just far enough to see the flashes from the stone wall, and fired at them. After a while I observed that the man next to me in the line was lying motionless, and having just been promoted to the rank of sergeant I thought it my duty to reprove him for not attending to his business; so I said to him, "Why don't you load and fire?" He made no reply. His face had the flush of battle upon it and his eyes were wide open. Then I noticed that my hand was wet with blood, and looking down, saw that he had been shot through the heart. I thought how easy and pleasant death must be to come in this way, with not even conscious pain enough to change the expression of the face before life is blotted out.

We fought there until twilight came. Very little does a soldier in the ranks know of the movements of a battle. He is enshrouded with powder smoke and can see only a few yards to the right or left, while his only knowledge of the presence of his enemy comes from the flashes in the smoke cloud in front. Charges were made and repulsed by other troops on our right and our left, but of this we knew nothing. The horrible din of battle around us silenced all other sounds. I remember to have noticed how rapidly time flew. It was two o'clock when we made our charge and it did not seem to me that one hour had passed when the darkness of night began to settle down on the field. Our officers then formed something of a new line in the woods and we went forward with a rush at the stone wall, driving the enemy back and into the forest beyond. We captured three of his cannon but it was too late to make any pursuit, so we lay down on the field where we had fought, stacking our guns and sending a detail for water to the nearest creek. I was entirely exhausted by the excitement of the fight, so that I had hardly strength to move one foot before the other. My dominant thought through the whole of it had been concerning my little brother who was in another company. I made my way along the line in the darkness asking for him and was soon relieved by the sound of his cheery voice, shouting that he was all right.

The young men of the present day when witnessing parades of the Grand Army or other assemblages of old soldiers no doubt imagine that the war was fought by sturdy, mature men. This was not the fact. It was fought by boys. The average age of the volunteers on both sides was less than twenty-one. Many had not reached the minimum of eighteen required by the army rules, and overstated their age in order to get into the ranks. Many of the most famous generals of the war won their stars at ages ranging from twenty-five to thirty. The truth is the mature men of that day were very cautious about exposing themselves to the hardships and dangers of campaigning. They stayed at home and made money out of the brisk conditions of business which the war created, leaving the boys to

fight the great struggle out. And so it would be should another war occur in this country; the lads of from sixteen to twenty-one would rush forward with enthusiasm and fill the ranks. Manhood calculates chances, loves comfort and is absorbed in business activities. It is youth only that flames up with the fire of ardent patriotism and leaps to the front to defend an imperilled country.

My service in the ranks came to a sudden end one June day in the wheat fields near Port Republic, in the Valley of Virginia. Stonewall Jackson had defeated Fremont at Cross Keys the day before we were trying with two brigades, under some foolhardy orders, to dispute the passage of the Shenandoah with his whole army. His veteran troops fell upon us in front and flank with overwhelming force, their numbers three or four to one of our Northern soldiers. We fought stubbornly for hours. Our cannon were placed at intervals in the line of infantry and were wheeled forward as we advanced or dragged back as we were forced to retreat. The wheat was mown by a storm of bullets and grape shot. Pools of blood mingled with the golden grain; wounded horses ran shrieking to and fro; the company and regimental commanders shouted and swore to encourage the men. We of the Seventh Ohio drove back a Louisiana regiment at the point of the bayonet. I remember a great uproar and a stifling blue smoke of powder that settled down over the field, the flashes of the cannon and the musketry, the shrieking of shells and the peculiar shrill whistle of the bullets, and through it all the intense excitement of battle which makes the blood leap in the veins, annihilates all sense of time and brings indifference to personal peril.

After perhaps an hour or two of close fighting in the wheat fields, a force of the enemy came out of the woods on our left and began to turn our flank. We were ordered back to face this new danger. While climbing a fence, I felt what seemed to be a heavy blow on my thigh, prostrating me on the ground. I tried to rise but found my right leg paralyzed. I felt no pain at first and did not realize what had happened until I saw the blood trickling from a bullet wound. As soon as I had regained my presence of mind my first thought was how to get off the field. I had heard of the horrors of Southern prisons and dreaded nothing more than capture. Two comrades attempted to carry me off, using their muskets as a sort of stretcher. They soon gave this up and left me sitting helpless on a pile of rails. I could see that defeat was imminent by the number of stragglers that were hurrying to the rear. These lines from one of Scott's poems, which I knew by heart, kept repeating themselves over and over again in my anxious brain:

"In the lost battle borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle with the groans of the dying,
There shall he be lying."

I gave myself up as lost and a great feeling of despondency took possession of me. The shells still hurtled through the air and now and then a minie bullet sang in the grass close by. At last I saw coming towards me an artillery bugler, mounted and leading a spare horse. He was a smooth-faced boy not older than myself. I called to him with all the force I could command and implored him to stop and help me mount his extra horse. I felt that the crisis of my life had come—that this was my last chance and that I would never live if captured. The boy stopped his horse, dismounted, and with great effort I got astride, my wounded leg giving me intense pain, and away we went at a trot to the rear. About a mile off we found a group of ambulances loaded with wounded men. The surgeons made room for me by squeezing three of us poor fellows on the upper deck of one of the ambulances in a

space intended for only two occupants. Here ended my experience of carrying a musket.

E. V. S.

GEN. JOHNSON'S SCHOOL DAYS.

"The Recollections of a Man of Fifty," which have appeared from time to time in THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE have been read by me with great interest, for in many things our recollections run almost parallel and have caused me to open the portals of the past and look back to my early schoolboy days. Born and reared in Kentucky at a period anterior to the public school, I now recall how uncertain and unsatisfactory were the opportunities to attend school. Slavery existing all around us made the farms large, diminished the number of families, and consequently the children in any neighborhood. To make up a school all the children within a radius of five miles had to be brought together, a rude, rough building was erected, and then the next thing to be done was to secure a teacher, which was not an easy matter. Occasionally some one with a "smattering" knowledge of some of the simplest branches would appear in the neighborhood. Now-a-days we would call such an one a tramp. He would be induced to take up a school for a quarter to raise money to carry him in the direction he desired to go. In my neighborhood an educated Irishman by the name of Haley located permanently and opened up a school. Both he and the school-house deserve a description: The building was built of round logs with the bark on and the openings between them were "chinked and daubed" with black mud. About four feet from the floor the greater portion of a log was left out, into which opening a rough frame was fitted and over the frame oiled paper was stretched. This was the only light admitted into this institution of learning. It was covered with clap-boards held down by poles placed on top of them. The floor was made of puncheons—logs split in half with the flat surfaces made as smooth as they could be with an axe. Seats of the same material, held up by four legs or pins, were so high that my little legs dangled all day without rest. Here I sat from eight to twelve o'clock and from one o'clock until the evening shades began to appear. Mr. Haley was what might be called, while teaching, a strictly temperate man, but his constitution seemed to call for an occasional spree, when he would dismiss the school, informing the scholars that they need not return until he sent them word. He would then get beastly drunk and keep it up for a week or so, then sober up and send his son around to notify the children to be present on the following Monday morning, when he would appear as fresh and as dignified as if he had never been drunk in his life.

I have studied all the higher branches of mathematics and I can truthfully say that the multiplication table was the most difficult for me to master. Weeks and weeks passed and I was unable to go through with it. Finally Mr. Haley informed me that if I was not able to go through the table by the following Friday he would punish me. I knew what that signified, for he had by his desk a bundle of well seasoned hickory switches. At last, Friday came, and as I was called up Haley took the precaution to arm himself with one of these switches for any emergency that might arise. I went along splendidly until I came to "8 times 8." I said, "8 times 8 are 72." Without a moment's warning he applied the switch where it would do the most good. I danced around the room quite lively, but he managed to keep up with me, delivering his blows in regular time. At last I cried out, "8 times 8 are 64." He stopped at once and I went on to the end of the table without a mistake and have known it ever since.

R. W. JOHNSON.

St. Paul, Feb., 1892.

LINES ON A WEDDING DAY.

If He who in the hollow of His hand
Holds this fair earth, as in a schoolboy's palm
One sometimes sees an agate or a pearl,
Should of its treasures proffer me a choice,
What think you I would take? Position? Wealth?
World-wide renown? With baubles such as these
Some persons might be pleased: I'd take a friend.
And should kind fortune favor me again
I'd make that friend my wife. I have this day
My heart's best wish: my friend, my wife, in thee.

MATT W. ALDERSON.

TOOTSY.

AN ARKANSAW PASTORAL.

We uns married jes' a year—
Me and' Sally—put yer ear
Closter up; our Tootsy's here!
Tootsy? Don't know Tootsy? Whoop!
That's an everlastin' scoop
Onto you uns; Tootsy, she's
Our first baby—'rah fur me,
'Rah fur Sally, good fur we!
I feel jes' like skippin' 'round
Jes' ez though there wa'n't no groun',
Nothin' there to hold me down.

Tell you it's a blessin' she
Came among us; seems to me
We'd a took to quar'ling next—
She was cross an' I was vex;
What with boll-worms an' the rain,
An' the drouth, an' then again
Cotton down to nothin', we
Felt ez glum ez folks could be.
Chol'ra took the chickens, co'n
Wasn't scarcely wuth the hav'n—
Tell you thing looked mighty tame
'Round 'bout here 'fore Tootsy came.
Me an' Sally both allow
We kin pull through winter now.

Tootsy's dead! Oh pity me—
Pity Sally! Sally, she
Sits about the house an' scans
Tootsy's play-things in her hands;
She don't take no 'count o' things,
She jes' sits an' cries an' sings—
Singing same as when she sot
Tootsy in her cradle cot.
I can't stan' it, I go out
In the fields an' roam about,
Don't half notice where I goes
'Long the snow-topped cotton rows.

An' the blackbirds flockin' 'round
Lettin' out their chirpin' sound,
They seem restless, they don't stay
Nowhere sence she went away;
Filt about the same ez me
'Long the worm-fence, aimlessly.

'Nother tot may nap an' ooo
In the corner in the new
Clumsy cradle what I made
All fur Tootsy; I'm afraid
It won't seem the same as her,
It won't cling so—hang that burr,
Blame thing's hit me in the eyes—
Men don't cry, jes' wimmin cries!

L. A. OSBORNE

TEACH ME.

I stood where waters ran with glee
Upon the sandy beach,
And said, O, sea, impart to me,
Gift of thy favored speech.
Teach me, lest I thy secrets steal,
Thy tales of shores alee,
Ere thou didst feel the first sharp keel:
O, pine-girt Northern Sea!

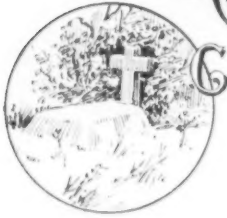
The gleaming sand and wave enshrines
Deep shadows dark and long;
I said, O, pines! what deathless lines
Are these within thy song?
Teach me their import, singing trees,
Here where the sunlight shines—
Where sweeps the breeze, o'er wrinkled seas:
O, sea-girt Northern pines!

Ringed gems of green with dark defiles,
Stretch far beyond the shore;
I said, O, isles! thy foaming miles
Beat with a ceaseless roar!
Teach me this music; I would tune
My soul to catch thy smiles,
Or songs of June, or winter moon;
O, foam-girt Northern isles!

LOOMAN.

Puget Sound, January, 1892.

"Mag" OF Cisco Junction.



CISCO JUNCTION lies on the back of one of the Western ranges, where it is exposed to the steady grilling of the sun's rays. Night touches it with

a cooler hand, but even then it throbs with feverish heat. What would you think of a gardener who would attempt to raise roses in the fiery heat of an oven? Would you expect to find buds moist with the dew of innocence upon whose unfolding leaves may be read the power that created the universe? What would you think of a gardener who left a tender vine no support whereby it might rise from the dust in which it must otherwise creep and crawl? As you pass through the perfume-laden alleys of a conservatory and see some beautiful blooms tenderly tied to supports and nourished with all the care that science can dictate, do you ever think that they represent the possibilities of wild flowers that grow as chance dictates in forest or field?

Of course, the Pharisees are shocked when some human plant, stifling for fresh air and faint for the refreshing draught of kindness, droops by itself and sickens and dies. What could even an enthusiast expect from Cisco Junction? What human plant could grow there and expand to the full measure of mortal beauty?

When a movement westward reached the bank of a fair sized stream, it generally paused as if to consider the task of crossing; and, as a camp grows up where an army halts on the bank of a river, so a little settlement generally arose when the immigration trains were stopped by a water barrier. This was the genesis of Cisco. Those who, despirited or discouraged, failed to push on into the regions beyond, usually existed from day to day prophesying the prosperity which was to arrive with the railroad. This was the history of Cisco. When the whistle of the first locomotive is heard, a thrill of hope vibrates in the settlement which is smothered by disappointment as the steel needles of commerce and government bind together the shores rent by Nature, and the trains which were to have unloaded their blessings flash by with the derisive laugh of steam. Such was the disappointment of Cisco. Then, without future, these settlements become the sepulchers of hope, the plague stricken ground from which energy flees. Such was the fate of Cisco.

If ever a sentence to an existence in the shackles of hopelessness seemed fitting, it was in the case of Cisco Junction. As far as the eye could see, and it could travel in a glance to the horizon, it was a dreary waste of sand. Sand everywhere. Sand in all shades, from the tawny color of the sea shore to the dirty gray hue of the mountain mesas. The hot winds that occasionally brought a variation to the feverish existence of the settlement sometimes tossed the loose grains in wave form when the surface was slightly elevated. Vegetation there was none, save the sage brush, and that was not even green, the color which rests the sight as water refreshes the lips. It was gray, sometimes even bronze; but never green. If a young bush dared don a richer mantle the sand and the hot wind in their envy stole away the brighter tinge and left it shabby as its fellows.

At a little distance the stunted bushes with their rounded foliage, close growing, as if shrinking from the last of the elements, looked

like a flock of sheep, the only picturesque feature of the landscape. About a mile from the junction was the river—the Chartres River—but in this instance the stream was no addition to the scene. Soiled and dirty with the characterless earth in which it came in contact, it looked hot, as, hemmed in by the heated banks, it made its way seaward. It moved listlessly as if its vigor had been drained by the torrid surroundings. It did not saunter along contentedly as if flirting with its banks, nor did it hurry with the rough energy of a mountain stream. It was the movement of inanition.

Cisco Junction accorded well with its surroundings. If it had been possessed of enough ambition to assume livelier colors it would have demanded ceaseless energy to have surmounted the opposition of the surrounding conditions. The place had a weather-worn look. The dwellings were one-story affairs, but a few buildings dedicated to trade dared add a half-story in token of their destruction. There was no endeavor to hide the rough material by paint, and the occasional fusilade of sand had made the little settlement consistent with the environment. There were some board side walks, but as a rule mother earth furnished the material. Tramping had no effect upon the sand, however; it remained soft and yielding, the abomination of the pedestrian who was obliged to tarry on business.

The only feature in the surroundings that would secure a second glance, unless it was induced by the fascination of the forlorn, was the mountains which on a clear day could be seen to the eastward. Distance obliterated their bases and there they stood in a field of blue like a file of white knights. Is it any wonder that the eyes of the residents of Cisco turned to these snowy islands that seemed lifted above the waves of heated air that rose from the burning sands? They and imagination furnished the senses a temporary escape from the fiery surroundings, a delicious variation to the monotony of following the shadows about the shabby dwellings or drinking in the saloons, which seemed to be the leading establishments of the settlement.

If Providence had dropped a flower down upon this forbidding section, no one would have expected it to bloom amid the dusty sage brush. If the flower of a human life was scorched until it sickened and died, it is no marvel. Of course, the doubters will claim that a kind God would not deliberately transplant a slip from the celestial garden and expect it to live bright and radiant in its fresh beauty. Believers think, however, that when taken back, it will revive and add its fragrance to the perfect heaven of faith.

In this rough soil, little "Mag" grew to girlhood. She never knew any other home, even in memory. Her father came to Cisco as a section boss when the railroad made its advent. There was little remarkable about him except his

badness. His physical strength and bullying nature were qualities which fitted him especially for his position, and when he could not find opportunities enough for their exercise in his employment, he gave them an outlet in his recreation, which consisted mostly of drinking and provoking rows with his convivial companions. In the blindness brought about by poor whisky he sometimes beat the fragile little girl, who took the place of the mother whose care she never knew and made for her father the rude home to which he was not always welcomed.

Some of the passengers in the long, dust begrimed trains which stopped at Cisco each day would have marveled at the elasticity of the word, home, could they have glanced into the rude cabin whose housekeeper, perchance standing in the shade of the depot sheds, was watching them with curious eyes. Their chairs were few and evidently not mates. They were badly disfigured, but their battered ranks were reinforced by soap and starch boxes. The walls were covered with paper of a rough pattern and a few bad rents had been hidden by cuts from some stray pictorial weekly discarded by a traveler. The tableware rested in a cupboard made of a dry goods box and the family tinware needed no protection from thieves. The trace of woman's instinctive craving was seen in two plants that struggled feebly in tomato cans to maintain an existence.

"Mag" grew up without any regular care but in spite of her rough antecedents and rough training, she possessed the charm of modest girlhood. She was accustomed, with the other inhabitants, to go to the depot and inspect the passengers as they alighted to stretch their wearied limbs for a moment. Occasionally she saw girls of her own age and looked at them with an awe as if they were superior beings; and so they were, in opportunities, friends and apparel, but not in the possibilities of womanhood. She profited by these inspections, did this little mite of femininity, and with the sometimes pathetic efforts of her sex, tried with her limited means to imitate. Some money saved by barest economy was laid out in coarse finery and brass jewelry, and the short-sighted little girl thought she was



"THEY FOUND HER IN THE RIVER."

nearer her models. In her ambitious heart grew up a longing to go to the mountains and the wonderful land they guarded, from which these superior beings were always coming, to which they were ever going. In her dreams she saw beyond their white walls a fairy land; she did think that there she would be an outcast. Sometimes she inquired furtively of her father of the country beyond; if he was pleasant he would speak in a vague way of taking her there some time; if irritated by liquor he closed the conversation with curses.

There came a day of temporary revival to Cisco; it was to become a junction, and this would, in the opinions of the seers, whose tripods were the saloon tables or the grocery's barrels, make it a flourishing place. They forgot that Cisco was an island in a waste of sand, and several became gloriously drunk over the prospect. In due time the engineers arrived to begin the surveys for the line to the mountains northward, where mineral deposits were to furnish profitable freight for the new branch.

Among the party was a young collegian by the name of Howard. Why he should have cared to pluck this little Western wild flower only to cast it aside, when many a carefully nurtured blossom could have been had for the asking in his Eastern home, only he who can read the irrational thoughts of man can tell. But I believe that the scent of sage brush would to-day make him turn ghastly pale, were even a spray of the dusty plant dropped in his Eastern home. "Mag" was beautiful with that delicate beauty which privations often impart and which appeals with its refinement too frequently to the sensual desires of those in higher ranks. Men do not pause to reflect, especially when comparisons are lacking to arouse their pride and hamper their impulse.

The result is no marvel to those who know the confidence of woman, when she is ignorant of deceit. "Mag" was flattered by the fickle preference of this, to her, superior being. And he? Well, perhaps, he thought he cared for her, and when he appeared like a deliverer from the desolate prison of her home, as her guide to the fair country beyond the mountains, it is not so strange, after all, that she thought no reward too great for such a promise. What, too, is more natural than that he should encourage her in her desires and so by sympathy win access to her inmost aspirations.

Day winged its course after day, that, like released birds, flew back from time to eternity. The survey was completed. The young engineer, with the near prospect of a return to the East, no longer looked down at the trusting girl and judged her by the standards of the environment. Probably he never had any idea of taking her over the mountains, but, if he had, the thought of her ignorant speech, her rough dress and tawdry ornaments jarred upon him with fearful distinctness as the day of his return came nearer. Appalled at the deception of himself and her, he dared not deceive her, and she chattered of the coming departure with a joy that made each word a retributive dash for past pleasure.

It undoubtedly was wrong for a girl to desert her father, even if he is a drunken bully, but this little heathen had never heard the Commandments. Love was a lesson, however, learned generations ago, and her mother had handed down its precepts without a cautionary comment. So with a heart full of trust, a pitiful armor for a woman to wear against the world, this little untutored maid, whose only desire in living was to obey, like a slave, the command of her chosen master, went to the east-bound train on the fateful day. No Howard appeared; and, as the long train pulled slowly away, she asked the station agent with carelessly-affected intonation, if he had been seen.

"Of course not; Howard went East yesterday," was the hasty answer.

The next day, when her father awoke from a half drunken slumber and found no breakfast waiting on the rough table and a glance showed that the poor bunk she called a bed had been unoccupied, a search was begun for the missing girl.

They found her in the river—her body; for the spirit had at last gone over the mountains to the bright land beyond. There is no chance for doubt. The angels had dropped a little blossom upon sterile soil. They left it, without support, to be scorched by the heat of passion, to be choked by human deceit. Do you think they did not atone for their own carelessness when they carried it back to the great Gardener whose servants they are? CONDE HAMLIN.

A FAMOUS OLD CHIEF.

Chief Garry, the last but one of the old chieftains of the Spokane Indians, and who led them both to victory and defeat against the pale faced conquerors, succumbed at one o'clock this morning to that inevitable conqueror that comes alike both to the civilized and the savage, says the *Spokane Chronicle*.

The old chief passed away in the tepee of his fathers, surrounded by his aged wife, his children and his relatives. Dr. Harvey, who attended the old man in the last days of his life, did everything to make him comfortable. For more than eleven weeks he laid in his tent on Hangman Creek, confined to his pallet of skins and blankets. He did not lack for food nor for any of the necessities of life; everything was provided him by his people and the attending physician. Dr. Harvey pronounced the cause of his death to be marasmus, or old age, probably hastened by congestion of the lungs.

Spokane Garry was one of the most aged Indian chiefs in the Northwest. Ever since the whites began to settle in this country they have had more or less to do with him or his tribe. His age is a matter of conjecture. Qun-a-mo-sey, chief of the Coeur d'Alenes, says that he and Garry were much together in their younger days and that Garry was ten years his senior. Qun-a-mo-sey claims his age to be eighty, which would make that of Garry ninety, according to his chronology. When Garry was twenty-five or thirty years of age he was taken by the Hudson Bay Company and sent, with seven other young chiefs of the Northwest tribes, to Fort Garry, in the Red River country, to be educated. Garry remained there five years and then returned to his people. While he was at this mission he learned to write and to speak the English language, but not with fluency. When Colonel Steptoe, in the spring of 1858, came through this country locating Government roads, he was attacked at Rock Lake by the united tribes of Indians under Saltese and Stel-lame, chiefs of the Coeur d'Alenes; Cham-i-ah-kin, chief of the Palouses; Ow-hi, chief of the Yakimas; and Hol-Halt and Garry, chiefs of the Spokanes. Steptoe was completely routed and driven back to Walla Walla.

During the summer of the same year the united forces of the Indians under their chiefs, with Garry as one of them, were badly whipped by Colonel Wright a few miles above Spokane River, near where a few days afterwards Colonel Wright killed 900 head of their horses, whose bleached and rolling bones can to this day be plainly seen there. After the battle in which the united tribes were defeated Colonel Wright sent for Chief Garry to come to see him in his tent. The old chief was broken-hearted and dismayed, and was willing to make peace on any terms. Colonel Wright told him that if ever it

was his misfortune to be caught waging war against the white settlers again he would surely hang him to the nearest tree. He then bade him leave him and collect the remnant of his band together and go about his business and join no more in hopeless warfare. Afterwards, when Chief Joseph stirred up the Nez Percés to take arms against the whites, missionaries were sent to that warlike chief to induce Chief Garry to join him in an attempt to exterminate the pale-faced intruders, but it was all in vain. The old chief would not stir nor offer his men again to war against the whites.

Chief Garry was never considered a warlike chief, but often timid and vacillating in his purposes. His tribe has been reduced to a mere handful of dusky followers and it seems now only a question of a little time when the band will be but a memory. Hol-halt, the only remaining chief of the Spokane tribe, is a very aged Indian now, and within a few years at most he will follow in the footsteps of old Garry and then there will be no chieftain of the decimated tribe to tell the story of their conquests and defeats.

THE CHIPPEWA'S SONG.

A Chippewa sat in his wigwam bare,
With the wolves and the foxes prowling near,
And his heart was filled with grief and despair
As he gaz'd o'er the low-lands, black and drear,
And he thought of the time that used to be
When he was the pride of the Chippewa band:
When none in the North were so brave as he
And not one that could his iron strength withstand.
Slowly the lap from his wigwam he part'd
And scanned the snow-drifts and leafless trees:
A fox from his prowling was startled,
And a song of grief went forth on the breeze:—
Gone and vanished
Are my people;
Dead and dying are they all:
Men with faces proud are filling
Places by them vacant made.
Now the deer is hiding
Farther, farther in the wood,
And the fish in streams are seeking
Safety in the deepest pools.
No more chiefs are smoking
Pipes of council in their lodges:
All the men are now as women,
All the women now as men.
Could the gift of Manitou
But restore our once-time glory,
Fill the wigwams
With the women and the children!
Dead and dying are they all,
Hope within this breast has fled,
Sad and—

When huntsmen in their search for deer
The lonely chief's old wigwam saw,
He stood beside it frozen stiff,
Beyond the reach of white-man's rule and law.

CLIFFORD TREMBLY.

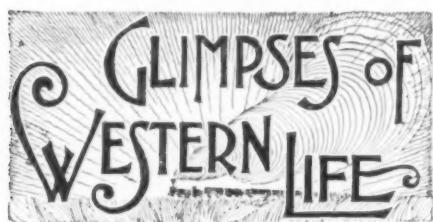
THE FEBRUARY CHINOOK.

A faerie from the dawn land, Orient-eyed,
Storm-wildered here hath wandered; reft the balm
And sumptuous languors. Cross the chill desecrated,
How doth her wooing touch the arctic calm.
As Proserpina's lips and loving look
Of old, unbent, remorseless Hade's brow,
So hath thy touch the steely winter now
Unbent and tempered, oh, our blest chinook!
Hard was thy guerdon through the days foregone.
Peace-bringer, Priestless, mother of the rose,
Thine ardors by the Thule touch undone,
When sought thy flower-soft limbs his couch of snows.
Now are ye blest, the wedded bliss and mirth
Foreshadowing sings our Lady Summer's birth.

H. J. ROSS.

NOTE.—The first chinook, or so much of its deflected current as reaches the forty-ninth parallel, being chilled by its passage over the Great Divide and the intervening plains, when it reaches us, while keeping the ocean moisture, has acquired an intensity of chill surpassing that of the most violent norther. This state, however, diminishes hourly, while in two days, if the wind remain constant, the air becomes balmy. Even at the coldest there is discernible a hint of the perfume of damp earth, flowers, and spring time.

H. J. R.



Important Sale of Elk.

Paul McCormick, Esq., the big white chief of Yellowstone County, arrived in the city Thursday morning of last week with his neck bowed and proceeded immediately to open negotiations with Mr. Marshall for the purchase of his entire band of elk, comprising twenty-two head, which have been on exhibition at Benham's, and twelve head still in the Madison basin. As every one knows, Paul is of few words and means business "every turn in the box." The bargain was soon closed for the thirty-four head, at \$75 each, and two tamed antelope at \$50 each, aggregating the net little sum of \$2,650 to Mr. Marshall.

Mr. McCormick takes the noble game to Fort Custer, where he will establish a suitable park and have some of the largest animals trained for driving. Paul is somewhat of a "joshier" but he declares that he sincerely intends to drive a four-in-hand team of noble elk at the Columbian Exposition, Chicago, in 1893.—*Bozeman Courier.*

Fond of Horse Meat.

The conversation had drifted on to Indians, and apropos of the topic a lumberman in the office remarked that at the camp on Prairie River from which he had just returned, he had seen a goodly group of these noble aborigines camped near the lumber shanties. "They came to look after a horse," said he. "Lost a horse?" "No, we lost one; got killed, and they came down to cut him up." "What for?" "Why, to eat him. They staid right by the carcass and hung up and dried every pound of meat on him. Queer how they found it out. The horse hadn't been dead twenty-four hours before the whole tribe were after him; crows couldn't have done better." "That's nothing," said an old logger standing by. "Last winter six horses died in our camp of epizootic, and I'll be hanged if they didn't pick the bones of every one of them clean. There is no trouble in accounting for the rapid reduction of the Indian population when you know what they eat."—*Minneapolis Lumberman.*

"Everything Goes."

Muffled up in a buffalo overcoat there has stood on upper Main Street nightly for some weeks past a florid faced gentleman whose business it is to call customers to the auction sale within. He has a fine baritone voice, which on frosty nights reverberates against the angles and gables of the old fashioned buildings and flies off in tangent various ways. "Here you are, gents," he cries, "the chance of a lifetime. Some things for nothing, and the balance at your own figures. Step right in before the store gets full or you'll miss the opportunity. This is no money making scheme. It's only the freak of the philanthropic proprietors to give the poor a chance to get even on 1891. Watches and jewelry of every description and all kinds of material from Bessemer steel to eighteen carat gold. Diamonds, rubies, sapphires and other precious stones from the great fields of Montana and South Africa. And all at your own price. You make the figure and we wrap up the goods. If you don't like what you see you needn't buy. The stock must be closed out by the first. Everything goes but the stove and we raffle that on the second. The money we

take in is only to pay expenses. Now's your chance and you don't want to overlook—"

At this point the opposition on the other side of the street sent the boy out with the bell and the remainder was lost in chaos.—*Helena Independent.*

He Qualified Promptly.

When a man is in deadly earnest about securing employment he will not let such a small obstacle as the lack of a wife stand in the way; at least such is the fact in regard to a certain section foreman on the Columbia & Puget Sound road. He applied for the position to Assistant Superintendent McCabe, and his answers to that gentleman's queries were all satisfactory until the question came:

"Are you married? We want a married man to take this position, so that his wife can take care of the section-house."

The man acknowledged that he still wandered in the wilderness of celibacy, and Mr. McCabe said in a peculiar way:

"Well, you can have the job if you can get married in time. Hurry up and I'll give you passes for the 5:30 train."

It was then 4:30, and it seemed pretty short notice, but some men can get through a great deal of business in an hour. Before the time had arrived for the train to leave, the applicant returned, accompanied by a blushing bride, and said:

"Well, I got a wife. Will you give me those passes?"

Filled with admiration at the man's readiness of resource, Mr. McCabe gave him the passes, and the happy couple left on their honeymoon.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

Prospectors as Assayers.

A grizzled old prospector, against whose wrinkled brow the storms of many years had beaten, was last night lamenting the decadence of the traditional old-time prospector and the usurping of his place by the Eastern tenderfoot. This picturesque character of yesteryear is rapidly disappearing from history and in his place comes a hardy range of younger men who, with college education can cover twice the distance and undergo as many hardships and privations as the pioneers of '49.

A week ago a young man of this class arrived in Butte from a summer's prospecting expedition. He made several valuable locations on his trip and being well up in chemistry he had made all his own assays during the season. He did not carry any elaborate outfit, but the tests he made were sufficient for every purpose. His assaying outfit consisted of a small bottle of iodine and a small bottle of carbonate of ammonia. A blow pipe and a small mortar with a porcelain dish and a few sheets of filter paper completed the outfit. When he made a discovery of gold-bearing quartz, if it was free oxidized ore like hematite he took a little of it and after pulverizing it placed it in the cup. Then he added enough of the solution of iodine to cover the contents. After allowing it to stand for two hours or less, if very rich ore, he tried filtering paper in it. If it gave a purple color after being burnt it contained gold, and the deeper the color of the paper the richer the ore. In making a test of iron pyrites he first pulverized and then roasted the ore over an ordinary camp fire. It was a dull red heat at first and then raised to a cherry red. This decomposed the sulphates that were formed and placed the ore in the same condition as in the free ore test. In limestone districts a little carbonate of ammonia was added to the charge and the roasted ore was heated again until the carbonate of ammonia was decomposed. This prevented the lime in the ore from interfering with the test. For silver-bearing quartz he used the

blow pipe; first procuring a small quantity of the quartz, he bored a hole in a soft stone and put the pulverized quartz into it. A little test lead was mixed with the ore, and melted with the aid of the blow pipe until it was covered over with slag. The resulting lead button was then cupelled and if it contained any silver, a little silver button would be left at the bottom of the cupel.—*Butte Inter Mountain.*

Gods in Market.

The superior court of King County probably never before had a case on trial in which one of the pieces of personal property in dispute was 700 years old, but that is what it has now. The articles that, after seven centuries of existence are now in litigation, are two Buddha gods, and they formerly belonged to the stock of W. C. Reicheneker, the jeweler, who failed about a year ago. Mr. Reicheneker does not appear to have appreciated the value of the Buddha gods which he had for sale, for he wrote to the Japanese importer, Ichi Ban, at San Francisco, complaining of the gods being old, and he received a letter in return that was offered in evidence yesterday during the progress of the trial. It made the judges and the attorneys no little amusement. Speaking of the gods the letter says:

"You speak of the Buddhas being old and shop-worn. That is exactly what gives them their value—as pieces of work made perhaps 600 or 700 years ago. None have been made in the last fifty years, and these being very old and having been handed down from age to age in some old Buddhist temple through ten generations of priests. They are as perfect as any that might be found. They were made by divine command before the present dynasty came into power in Japan, some 340 years ago. And let me tell you that there are but few Buddhas left there now, as the finer and older ones have been bought up and carried to Europe as curios. If the two pieces you have now were in Yokohama they would doubtless bring twice what we charged you for them, as we bought them several years ago, having completely gutted two or three temples. You will find an occasional visitor who knows something of them, and should they have money will quickly purchase."

Judge Lichtenberg says that he is going to get one of the gods and put it up in the courtroom between the two windows in the back end of the room.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

A Marked Heathen.

Tom Hiu, in English Tom Lee, is a Chinaman who has a habitation and a name in Butte City. Tom is a good hearted Chinaman who has incurred the enmity of his Chinese fellow men because he did the Good Samaritan act to a fellow heathen, Quong Lung Mau, who is marked by the highbinders for an early grave. Quong Lung Mau did something that was objectionable to the Chinese colony in Butte, and Quong Fung Sin, a highbinder executioner, was employed to remove him. Quong Fung Sin met Quong Lung Mau one day and did the perforating act for which he had been employed, but he wasn't used to the "bull-dog" revolver he used, and as a consequence Quong Fung Sin's perforation wasn't fatal. Quong Lung Mau and Quong Fung Sin were placed in jail and the latter secured bail but the former could not. The Chinese forbade any one going to see Quong Lung Mau, but Tom Hiu disobeyed the order and called on his friend to see what he could for him. It was very foolish for Tom Hiu to do this, for he was sentenced to die. Last Friday night, Tom Hiu was taken to the council chamber where the great black Joss presides, and listened to his doom. He was to die by inches. Twelve bloodthirsty heathens—all Sunday school scholars as since ascertained—

were selected as carvers. They seized the unfortunate Tom and bound him to a chair. They stood around him armed with knives and scissors, waiting for the command to be given by the great black Joss to commence proceeding. A man with a pair of shears was ordered to commence proceedings by clipping off Tom's yellow shell-like ears. He advanced to obey the mandate, but before he could clip Tom gave a yell which was answered by a posse of police who broke open the door—they had been given a pointer—released Tom from his bonds and arrested all they could lay hands on.

The dirty dozen were arraigned in the Butte police court and acknowledged that they were going to kill Tom because he was "a velly bad man, as bad as Melican." They were bound over to stand a preliminary examination, and found no difficulty in securing bondsmen. But Tom's troubles were not ended. Saturday night Quong Fung Sin met Tom and proceeded to plunge a knife into his side, but again he failed to kill. Tom had the highbinder arrested and again the fellow secured bonds. This is a simple recital of the bloody, brutal deeds of the Butte Chinese colony, naught set down in malice. It shows what delightful people these heathens are to have among us. Follow the matter up and you will see that Tom Hiu and Quong Lung Mau are both killed. When the Chinese want a man removed, white or Chinaman, they hire a highbinder, whose trade it is to kill, and the work is done, though it may be delayed. There is no pity, no mercy in the Chinese character. They are banded together for the purpose of exterminating their foes as well as for protecting themselves. For a Chinaman to do an act which would be considered humane by other nations is to mark him as "bad as a Melican man." From their standpoint they consider all Americans bad, and the man who says they do not knows nothing of the Chinese character. The people of Butte are wise in requesting the heathen to do their raging in some other place.—*Missoula Gazette*.

Wonders of the Grand Coulee.

The rock of ages. Have you ever seen Steamboat Rock? This is an oft-asked question, and a visit to its shrine is one of the first efforts of the tenderfoot; and when seen, no one regrets the trouble. Every foot of the Grand Coulee walls is picturesque. Abounding in fantastic shapes and colors—in fact, one's eye meets grotesque form and images in every conceivable position and coloring imaginable. Spires and pinnacles point heavenward; huge tenets and battlements frown upon you from its sides; castles, forts, gothic windows and pillars of all ages pass before you in panoramic view as you gaze on the thousands of feet of basaltic rock, shattered by convulsions of mother earth years ago, decorated by the summer sun and winter storms of many ages.

Twenty miles down the coulee, in a north-westerly direction from Coulee City, Steamboat Rock is to be seen as though intended to dispute the right of man to make his way any further than where it stands a silent sentinel. But as you approach this mighty monarch you discover that it stands about the center of the coulee, and leaves a large space between it and the coulee walls. Here this great rent that tore the heart strings of this section to its center is seven miles wide, and Steamboat Rock stands majestically half way, with its prow heading southwesterly. The form is that of a side-wheeler. The main deck stands fourteen hundred feet above you. Its sides are almost impregnable, with but one accessible point where it can be boarded. This can only be accomplished by much labor. But when the deck is once gained, you can appreciate its dimensions and as you sit at a point

near the stern, you can obtain a grand view of the coulee of which this great monster is the crowning glory.

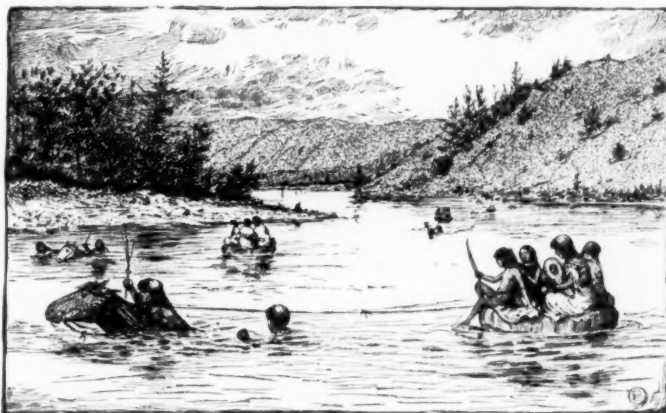
The larder of this boat is very scanty, its stores consisting of a few scattering patches of bunch grass and sage brush. The water tanks being more inviting, particularly on a warm day. Five hundred feet from the keel up the port side, and so snugly hidden away that a stranger would hardly dream of their existence, are two springs, small and modest, yet with a certain peculiarity that at any time makes a study for a scientist. Every morning while nature is sweltering in summer's heat; while everything seems parched by the scorching sun during the long heated term, on their surface is found a coating of ice, which formed during the night, as thick as a pane of glass.

So our Steamboat stands, a great wonder—monument of the silent past, when nature was rent from center to circumference; when the lava from some hidden volcano belched forth and covered this valley; when the granite walls that were once the foundation of this part of the globe became one solid mass of burning substance, which, when cooled left in its stead this mighty mass of basalt; when nature rent in twain the surrounding hills, and drained the waters that once covered this country as an island sea. Then and there our steamboat was launched; then her keel settled in the lava bed, with no one to

thirty-four feet deep, and the bottom being sixty-two feet long and thirty feet wide. We speak of the bottom of the cave but mean the top of the debris and vast amount of bones of animals which fills the space of what may be called the bottom.

Be it known that the cave, instead of being adorned with crystals and stalactite and stalagmite, is a regular charnel-house, and evidently has been a death trap for ages to the unsuspecting beasts of plain and forest. The opening of the cave is peculiarly constructed for the purpose of relentlessly swallowing any living thing that ventured near its brink. The mouth of this destroyer of the living is composed of limestone rock somewhat on an incline, the depression being at its widest part. Along the upper side is an old animal trail. It is easy to see how the buffalo or elk passing this way when the trail was slippery with ice or snow, would easily lose their foothold and be precipitated into the cave. It is also a plausible theory to believe that at times during the winter the mouth of the cave is entirely covered with snow, so that the unsuspecting animal passing over the familiar trail would at this point, if diverging a few inches to the south, slide through the snow and be swallowed alive.

Many animals, doubtless, were killed by being suspended by the head and fore part of the body, as the buffalo, or by the antlers, as the elk, while many were evidently directly mangled and killed



INDIANS CROSSING THE KOOTENAI, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

name her—no one to record this event, but waited alone for time to roll on and man to form into shape a combined mechanism and name it a steamboat. Years after this event the white man's eye takes in the profile of the great giant, his mind travels back to the mighty ocean of waters and the monsters that plow it, and after many ages this great mass receives the name by which it is widely known—Steamboat Rock.—*Coulee City (Wash.) News*.

A Remarkable Cave in Montana.

The cave discovered by George W. Van Hoose on December 2d continues to be the centre of attraction to all interested in the wonderful and phenomenal freaks of nature. The cave is located in the Dry Range, twenty-five miles northwest from town, in the vicinity of the Len Lewis and John Moore ranches. Among those who have visited the cave are Geo. Grayson, John Moore, Mr. Wagoner and others. On December 18th a party of explorers, consisting of Geo. W. Van Hoose, the discoverer, Seth Butterfield and Rev. J. C. Lenhart visited the cave. They were equipped with light and tape line and have made the following measurements:

The mouth of the cave is from two to three feet wide and six feet long, located on the south-east side, near the top of a pocket in the mountain. The cave is almost the shape of a flask

by the fall. But there are also evidences that some landed at the bottom of the pit with sufficient powers remaining to drag their bodies to remote corners of the cave and there perish from wounds and starvation. Some of the largest skulls and skeletons of buffalo were thus found.

We could not determine the depth of the bones in the bottom of the cave as we did not have the necessary tools for making such exploration, but we counted in sight twenty-nine buffalo skulls, several elk, bear, wolf, etc. I have brought with me a specimen skull of the buffalo, bear and wolf which is on exhibition at the office of the *Husbandman*. It is probable that for centuries this wonderful cave has been performing the ghastly office of swallowing these living creatures. Old hunters, who have gathered their information from the Indians, say that it is at least half a century since the buffalo was last seen upon the Dry Range. It would not be surprising that when further explorations are made human bones should be found. For should the lonely hunter, prospector or Indian chance to break through when the cave was covered with snow he would be doomed to certain death, for there are no visible means at present whereby a man could extricate himself from that horrible pit. Mr. Van Hoose has securely constructed a ladder into the cave whereby ladies and gentlemen can enter with safety.—*White Sulphur Springs Husbandman*.



Editorial Necessities.

The *Teller* needs a pair of shoes, a stand-up collar, a pair of suspenders and a porous plaster to protect its person from the cold blasts of winter. If those who owe it would only pay up, there would be less ground for charging it with inconvenient exposure of the person.—*Sargent County (N. D.) Teller*.

An Orthographical Call-down.

An interesting letter was received by one of our business men a day or two ago. He sent a bill to a debtor accompanied by a letter, in which he suggested that it was high time the debt was paid. The latter evidently irritated the man who owed the money. His reply, verbatim, was as follows: "Mr.—, Dear Sir—Pleas settle with Mr.—. He is good for it. When you write, pleas spell the words wright. Yours, etc., —."—*Fergus Falls Journal*.

Ode to the Cow.

Enough to secure a cow ordinance.—Oh, the cow, the beautiful beast, chewing her cud and enjoying the feast, defying the law for her corn and wheat; roaming at large through every street; hunting, bowling, nosing around, till the open front gate is sure to be found—with its hinges broke and ruined quite, by lovers who hang there Sunday night; it won't stay shut, it won't hang level; so in goes the cow and raises the devil.—*Ileaco (Wash.) Advance*.

Broke the Bible Record.

Tom Parks, the faithful old servant who has lived so long with the family of Robert Frost, yesterday made a comparison between Scriptural text and present facts. Mr. Parks has been on this coast since the early fifties, and has experienced nearly all kinds of weather. "The Good Book" he says, "tells us that it rained forty days and forty nights, and washed everything from the face of the earth. But to my knowledge it's been raining sixty days and sixty nights in Olympia and we're still on top. That's the difference between the days of President Noah and those of President Harrison."—*Olympia (Wash.) Tribune*.

A Climatic Difference.

The purser of the *Lurline* tells a story which well illustrates the difference between Eastern and Western Oregon. About two years ago an old lady got on the boat at the Cascades on her way to the valley, and a friend sung out: "Hello! Mrs. Blank; where are you going?" "Going to get water to wash my clothes; we have none in Eastern Oregon," was the reply. About a month after she was a passenger on the *Lurline* going back. The purser said: "How do you do, Mrs. Blank? Have you got your washing done?" "Yes," said the old lady, "I have, and now I am going back east of the mountains to dry the clothes."—*Astorian*.

A Minnesota Melody.

The chigger may chig with all his might and the mocking bird mock and sing, but Minnesota takes the cake—the wheat, you bet, is king. The cricket may crick, and the froglet may frog, and the farmer may chant his strain, for the Minnesota crop is always on top—when plenty there is of rain. The chinch bug may chinch, the grass-

hopper may hop, and the hot winds make you tire, but if any one says there are such things here, just call him a common liar. Oklahoma may boom, and Texas may howl, and Washington shoot off her chop, but this is the place to get a new home and raise an extra big crop.—*Marshall (Minn.) News-Messenger*.

Don't Be Too Sudden.

Ruth Ashmore in her "Talks with the Girls" in the *Ladies' Home Journal* says: "If a young man suddenly kisses you I should advise you not to speak to him again." Of course not. A young man has no business to suddenly kiss a young lady. He should slowly insinuate his arm about her waist, draw her gently and unresistingly to his manly bosom, rub his mustache against the lobe of her left ear, and silently and deliberately implant the coveted tickle just half way between the nose and chin. It is a mean, mean trick of any young man to omit these pleasurable preliminaries and no well-bred young lady will permit it for a moment. Ruth, we're with you.—*Superior Inland Ocean*.

Food and Other Things for Reflection.

A farmer came into the store. He sold some produce for \$45. He purchased a side of meat packed in Chicago, a ham cured in Cincinnati, a keg of molasses raised in Louisiana, a peck of apples grown in Kansas, a can of condensed milk from Detroit, a broom made in St. Louis, a plug of tobacco manufactured in Lynchburg, an axe handle turned in New York, and then he loaded his goods into a wagon made at Milwaukee. Next he got a pint of Tennessee whisky in a flask blown in Pittsburg, and that night while in camp in a wagon yard, waiting for daylight to drive home, he was robbed. He caught the thief, turned him over to the officers; the fellow proved to be a New Yorker. The fact is this country does not depend upon herself for anything; even her thieves are imported.—*Irrigation Age (Utah)*.

Teaching the Young Idea.

A successful young schoolma'am not a thousand miles from Davenport, is much given to bringing out original ideas of her pupils by asking them questions relating to the subject in hand at the time, and sometimes the result is very unexpected. On a recent occasion there happened to be some visitors at school when Miss Blank called up a primary class to recite their spelling lesson. Toward the close of the exercises the word "patch" was given out and spelled correctly by a small urchin who was liberally adorned with the article in question. "That's right, Johnny," said the teacher, "now what is a patch?" "What you've got on your breeches!" said Johnny in a loud voice, proud to display his knowledge, and the class was dismissed amid silence so profound you could have heard the stovepipe fall.—*Davenport (Wash.) Times*.

A Big Liar.

A Centralian whom we will call Thompson—just because that isn't his name—is building up a gigantic reputation as a colossal liar. Most of his misrepresentations are harmless enough, and he glories in telling the most improbable stories and getting someone to believe him. A posse of admirers yesterday perceived him coming down the street and accosted him with: "Say, Thompson, can't you stop a minute and tell us a whopping big lie?" Thompson stopped and assumed an air of extreme concern and hurriedly remarked: "No, no! I can't stop to-day. The street motor has just had a smash-up at the north end, killed the mayor, two councilmen, and I'm after a doctor. Don't detain me." And he rushed off at a 2:40 gait. With horror on their faces the crowd rushed up the avenue only to meet the

motor half way, steaming along as unconcerned as could be. Then it dawned upon their dull minds that the biggest lie Thompson had ever told was when he said he didn't have time to stop and tell them one.—*Centralia (Wash.) News*.

The Tenderfoot's Arrival.

An old timer over in the White River Country describes the arrival of a tenderfoot in camp in the following graphic language: "He goeth out on the cactus-be-decked prairie to capture the evasive broncho, but his lasso becometh entangled in his spur and he slideth with considerable rapidity over the rich, fertile soil, while the busy little prickly pear getteth in its fine work on the 'decollette' part of his chaparajos, and from henceforth he sitteth not with other men, but standeth always upright. When he removeth his apparel to bathe in the cool brooklet cow tracks may be seen upon his alabaster skin; yea, there is a cattle trail which leadeth up over his statuesque form."—*Billings (Mont.) Gazette*.

A Leap-Year Tribute.

The editorial paragraph in last week's issue stating that there were no tobacco users in the *Spectator* office has had a queer result. Several packages have reached this office, each one addressed in a lady's handwriting, and containing a red ear of corn. A solution of the mystery has been reached in this way: It is undoubtedly a tribute to the supposed purity of the breath of a non-tobacco user, and the recognition of the old-fashioned husking-bee custom that the possessor of a red ear of corn is entitled to kiss all the ladies present. Any lady who wishes to see the *Spectator* collection of corn, may call at the office during business hours, and test for herself whether the tribute is a deserved one or not. For each fair test she will be entitled to carry away one kernel of corn. The scoop editor suggests that the pretty ladies each bring a two-bushel sack. As he is not a good judge of beauty, any lady may safely bring a pretty good-sized sack for his benefit.—*Minneapolis Spectator*.

It Happens Sometimes.

"What is the charge against this man?" demanded the Police Magistrate.

"I run 'im in on 'spicion," said the policeman. "He wuz tryin' to sell a fine gold watch at a pawn shop, and he wouldn't tell me how he got it."

"Do you know anything about him?"

"He's been hangin' 'round town for two or three weeks. Hain't got any visible means of support."

"Is there anybody to claim the watch?"

"No, y'r honor."

"What's your name, prisoner?"

"John Jones."

"Sounds like an alias. Got anything to say for yourself?"

"One moment, your Honor," spoke up a Police Court lawyer who was holding a whispered conference with the prisoner. "I'll take his case. We are ready for trial."

Half an hour later John Jones was on his way to the workhouse for a visit of thirty days and the lawyer had the watch.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Not Mean Enough to Grow Rich.

In all our experience in the business, we have never known but two or three country newspaper publishers who have ever accumulated a competency, and one reason is because they are not mean enough to grow rich. In order to become wealthy it is only necessary to trust nobody, to befriend none, to get everything and save all you get; to stint ourselves and everybody belonging to us; to be a friend to no man and have no man for our friend; to heap interest upon interest, cent upon cent; to be mean, miserly and de-

spised for some thirty years and riches will come as sure as disease and disappointment. And when pretty near enough wealth is collected by a disregard of the dictates of the human heart, at the expense of every enjoyment save that of wallowing in filthy meanness, death comes to finish the work. Country editors prefer to remain poor, live happy and die happy.—*Slaughter (Wash.) Sun.*

Would Not be an Editor.

W. P. C. Adams, who has been acting deputy editor of the *Alliance Journal*, New Whatcom, Wash., has learned that it is a trade and thus bids adieu to the editorship:

"I wish the editor of this paper would take care of himself, get well, and come back and do this editing business. I'm no coward, neither am I nervous or superstitious; I simply don't like this editing business. I am no stranger to peril, and am well acquainted with danger, as you will acknowledge when I tell you that I've sat down on scorpions, got up, and over it like a man; have slept in peaceful security among tarantulas and spit tobacco juice in the eyes of rattlesnakes just to see them get on their ear and wiggle their tails. I have handled fire-arms all my life and looked down sixshooters and apologized without levity. I have been in swimming with alligators and enjoyed their company; have rolled across rivers on ice that bent under me like mattresses, and felt confident; have been lulled to sleep by the rocking of an earthquake, and have drilled out the tamping over a charge of dynamite without sweating; I have been in Jordan waist-deep time and again, and when everybody said 'Adams is gone this time,' I smiled to myself and waded back to this shore; and yet I never felt fear or smelt danger until I sat down in this editor's chair.

"Talk about your dynamite, unloaded guns and foot-ades, why, they ain't a circumstance compared to this tool I've been using for the last two weeks. A fellow can hurt himself oftener and quicker and worse, wound his friends deeper, do more mischief and raise more hell with everybody around him in one day with this tool than he could in a lifetime with a foot-adz.

"No, gentle reader, I'm no coward; but I realize that my posterity will be happier and more numerous if I drop this pen and get a job in a powder mill."

The Gay Gamboliers.

To the members of the Bismarck Club who have been made immortal by an ex-member, now residing in Minneapolis, who presides over the destiny of a great daily paper there, and who speaks whereof he knows in a recently published article—these lines are feelingly dedicated.

HAPPY.

How happy is the man who sits
Behind two sturdy pair
Till he who holds three in a bunch
With joyance rends the air.

HAPPIER.

How happy is the man who holds
A house that's trim and full,
Till fours fall on him with a thud
That's sickening and dull.

HAPPIEST.

The happiest of men is he
That hath a bob-tail caught,
And with a wealth of gall and bluff
Doth gather in the pot.

VERY SAD.

The man who holds a flush oft thinks
He cannot help but win,
Yet he who holds a well filled house
The pot doth gather in.

WHERE HE AND SORROW SIT.

The man who holds a flawless straight
Goes merrily raising to his fate,
Until the man who holds a flush
His budding hopes to earth doth crush.

—Grand Forks (N. D.) Platdealer.

THE EDITOR'S STORY.

"Good morning," I said, as I entered the editor's sanctum, and shaking the snow from my overcoat collar, helped myself to a chair near the stove and began pulling the icicles from my moustache.

The editor dropped the paper he was reading into his lap and hitched his chair up nearer the stove, as if to ward off the twenty-below-zero blast from the door I had just opened.

"How are you? What do you know this morning?"

"Nothing, except that it is pretty cold out of doors and the thermometer has a hard time trying to keep its spirits up."

The editor shuddered, and with another hitch of his chair brought himself nearer the stove.

"And so you don't know of any local news, eh?" he said finally. "A fine newspaper man you would make, indeed," and his voice was tinged with irony as he poked the glowing coals.

"Perhaps," I rejoined. "But I think I could make quite as much of a success of it as you who sit beside the fire all day; though, maybe, you might by constantly applied labor with the poker make a fiery editor after all."

He did not reply to this retort, but, turning half around in his chair, he reached to his desk and took therefrom a pipe of curious design, which he proceeded to fill with strong smelling tobacco. After he had got the tobacco burning well he drew a long puff, and, looking at me through the dense volume of smoke that issued from his mouth, said:

"Do you see this pipe?"

I nodded.

"Anything peculiar about it?" he asked, as again the smoke curled in ringlets above his head.

"Nothing remarkably so, unless it is its unique shape and the material from which it was made. I have never seen it before," I replied, as I removed my overcoat, for it was becoming intolerably warm, though the heat brought no flush to the editor's face.

Then he took the pipe from his lips and sat in thoughtful reverie for the space of a minute, but becoming suddenly reminiscent, he exclaimed:

"It was under rather trying circumstances that I came into possession of that pipe."

"You didn't steal it?" I asked jokingly.

He frowned and said, "Come, now, no fooling, but really would you like to hear the story?"

I assented and moved farther from the red hot stove, while the editor, at last feeling the influence of the heat followed my example.

Then he began:

"Early in the '70s I started the publication of a weekly newspaper in a small Arizona town, which, though in its infancy, gave promise of a healthy growth. The inhabitants were principally miners and were naturally rough and self-willed. Nevertheless they were hospitable and polite in their way and none of them were ever known to send their regrets on receipt of an invitation to a hanging bee, and it was considered an unpardonable breach of etiquette to refuse to join in the general rush for the bar when some convivial spirit ordered the drinks.

"The miners took kindly to my little sheet, *The Bugle*, and it was through their liberality that I was enabled to get it on a paying basis. It was a novelty with them—a novelty they never tired patronizing. Of course I kept on hand a select stock of taffy, but it was a great strain on my mind to be always able to dish it out in a manner that would not affect my future health. For instance: If on the occasion of a little shooting occurrence, I would, in making mention of the affair, give the victor just praise and make unsavory comment on the character and ability of the vanquished, a committee of the dead man's friends, if any be had, would invariably make me a social call as a result I would have to make a

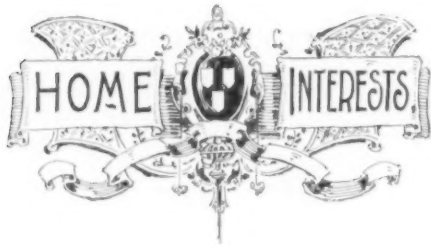
public apology and 'set 'em up' in all the saloons in town, and even then I would not succeed making them all my friends again.

"I believe I was the first publisher in the United States to give a watch away as a premium to subscribers. It happened this way: Arizona Ike had owed me on subscription for over a year. Ike was a genial, whole souled fellow, popular with the boys and he generally took well any place, as he was in the stage-robbing business. One day he met me in an unfrequented portion of the town, which was that part of the town farthest from a saloon, and offered to pay up his scripion. I made no objection and we squared up and then and there. Suddenly his eye lit upon my silver watch and he relieved me of it, at the same time making the remark that I ought always to give a premium to a subscriber that paid up so cheerfully as he. And as I knew and dreaded Ike's enviable skill with the six-shooter less I kept discreetly silent.

"But I don't see where the pipe comes in," I remarked, as he put a coal of fire into that implement with the corner of the fire shovel.

"Oh, yes, I had almost forgotten. Well, a few days after that Arizona Ike incident a big Irish printer, who had drifted into the town, came in and I gave him a job, never dreaming that he would be the means of my losing the office. His name was Jim Witherow and he was a giant in strength. From the first Jim was unpopular with the miners and several times incurred their enmity, though for a wonder nothing came of the hostility between them until one week, unknown to me until it was too late, he made an uncomplimentary notice in *The Bugle* of a certain local character, Jake Rollins, which created great excitement—so great that I began to fear for the safety of my neck. Notwithstanding the fact that Jim, in his resolute way, had offered to stand by me in the impending trouble, I made hasty preparations for leaving, for I knew that the matter had gone so far that an apology would be useless. I had everything ready to depart when Rollins and a companion rode up in front of the office, dismounted and came in. It was in the evening and the first thing Rollins did after entering was to shoot out one of the lamps. Whether or not he would have made it a general shooting bee and finally wound up on me I know not, for at that moment Jim, attracted by the shooting, came noiselessly in at the open door and before they were aware of his presence both Rollins and his companion were laid flat on the floor by his sturdy fists. Before they had recovered their senses we had bound, gagged and disarmed them and were about to mount their horses and take the trail for Prescott, twenty hours distant, when I noticed another holster attached to Rollin's belt, which I immediately transferred to my own, together with the revolver it contained. Nor did I examine it until we had arrived safely in Prescott, when to my utter surprise I found it to be the perfect model of a six-shooter, cut from red sandstone, the usefulness of which was not apparent to me until I discovered that the stock was hollowed out and the barrel pierced with a tiny hole, as you see, while the odor that it emitted was convincing evidence that it had done duty as a pipe. I found it in my trunk yesterday, where it has lain for years—that is the reason you have never seen it before—and I am going to use it hereafter. It is a reminder of some very stirring times—before I learned the ways of the world; and the editor put on a wise look and laid the precious relic on the desk.

"A most extraordinary happening," I said, as I rose to go. "And you are the only man among many, who can say with truthfulness that you smoke complacently with the muzzle of a six-shooter between your teeth," and I disappeared amid the whirling snow.—*Ralph W. Simpkins in Sanborn Enterprise.*



It May, and May Not.

An exchange says that "a simple and effectual preventative for the grip is gum camphor, which may be carried in the pocket, or anywhere about the person, and carries no unpleasant odor with it. The frequent use of onions as food is highly recommended to keep the system in a healthy condition and so ward off the disease." There is no doubt that an easily digested and temperate diet is at all times useful in keeping the body in health, and is thus efficacious in preventing attacks of whatever disease. Gum camphor is, also, in some sort, a disinfectant, and no harm can result from carrying a small lump about the person, but we doubt much that it will ward off the grip.

The Medium of Contagion in Influenza.

Dr. Pfeiffer, Professor Kock's son-in-law, who has discovered the influenza bacillus, says he believes that the sputum of persons suffering from influenza is the medium of contagion in that disease. Dr. Pfeiffer presented a report on his discovery at the meeting of doctors in the Charity Hospital to-night. He said that he had discovered minute bacilli in the sputum of twenty-four patients suffering from influenza, and that he had inoculated monkeys and rabbits with a cultivation of the organism, with positive results. Dr. Canon, of the City Hospital, also made a report. He had examined twenty patients, and had discovered the bacilli in the blood of seventeen. Professor Koch examined the specimens and the methods of investigation pursued by the two doctors, and established the identity of their results.—*American Analyst*.

Some Simple Remedies.

TO CURE PESSIMISM.—Believe every man as big a knave as yourself and the world won't look so bad after all.

TO CURE UNPOPULARITY.—Spend every cent you make on your friends and borrow more from your father. Never give advice, and listen to every fool's prating.

TO CURE MELANCHOLIA.—Go to see an amateur theatrical company interpret a tragedy. One dose is sufficient. Too much of this medicine will have a counter effect and will induce suicide.

TO CURE A COLD.—Take four parts of the advice of one person, with three parts of the advice of fifty others; mix well and swallow at every hour in the day. Make it convenient to die on Thursday so you can be buried before washday.—*Puck*.

A New Table Drink.

Coffee-tea, a beverage made from the leaves of the coffee shrub, is a new candidate for popular favor, and would seem to have some advantages over the berry. It has not yet reached this country, save as a chance curiosity, but was recently brought under the notice of the Royal Botanic Society of London. The samples of coffee-tea, or prepared coffee leaves, were grown in the society's conservatory. The secretary said it had been estimated that the percentage of theine in the leaves of coffee was 1.26 as against 1.00 in the beans. As the leaves may be easily grown in many parts of the world where it is difficult to insure good crops of coffee beans, he thought it might prove a valuable

agricultural product in many warm colonies. At present, he said, only some two millions of men use coffee-tea, in comparison with 110 millions who use the bean, and 500 millions who drink Chinese and Indian tea.

Women Needed in Politics.

The sex which is first in the Sunday school and last in the jail, which is most strongly represented at church, and at prayer meetings, and at missionary meetings, and most feebly represented in the liquor saloons and tobacco shops of the land, which does the least of the world's preaching and the most of its practicing, which makes a poor figure in a battle between Christian nations, and a splendid figure in a battle between right and wrong—such a sex forms a very large part of the power that makes for righteousness. To turn this purifying stream away from politics is equivalent to asserting that politics have no need of righteousness.—*Wives and Daughters*.

The Fall of the Toothpick.

If there is one thing more than another which needs correction in the ranks of what pass for cultivated people, it is the prominence of the toothpick. No sight is more common, about the dinner hour, than to see knots of men gathered in front of hotels and boarding houses, standing on street corners, riding in public conveyances or elsewhere, with a toothpick ostentatiously protruding from the mouth, or with the said wooden splinter in diligent use as an excavator. If we go farther back toward the dining table, we shall find that the disgusting habit grows even more pronounced, and that the table itself is often a witness of the indelicate proceeding. It is a matter of congratulation, therefore, that a better habit is asserting itself, in witness of which the following extract from a hotel journal may be quoted: "The practice of serving toothpicks, as a course, is no longer observed in polite society. Neither are they used as a sideboard decoration and a centerpiece for the table. Neither are they served along with after-dinner coffee, and it is not polite to pick the teeth at table; it is rather the act of a scavenger, even if the face and mouth are covered by a napkin, as some people seem to think is correct. Really refined people suffer pain rather than to pick their teeth at the table. A person might as well brush the teeth at a meal, and it would be quite as agreeable a diversion. The toothpick is properly an article of toilet and for the bathroom and the dressing-room, and not for the dining-room. People do not clean their nails at the table, which would be far more preferable than the opening of cavernous mouths. The time has really come when something should be said about this disgusting toothpick fad. Better go to the dentist and have the holes plugged up with gold and cement, instead of prying meat out with a toothpick. The whole thing is pandering to a low taste instead of a high one, and it is high time that it ceased to be a custom, or to be tolerated as such."—*Good Housekeeping*.

Impure Air.

We believe that it is an established fact that impure air is a prime factor in the development of tuberculosis. To tell the truth, people seem to avoid pure outdoor air as if it were poisonous. They take the greatest pains to shut it out of their dwellings, public halls, churches, schools, places of business, street cars, railway carriages, theatres and other buildings, public or private. So that wherever we go or stay the same thing is to be met—foul air. We speak of the savage as filthy, wanting in neatness and cleanness, but the great difference in this respect between ourselves and these people is that their filth is mostly on the outside, on the exterior of their bodies; whereas we take our impurities directly into the lungs, and from these into the circula-

tion. We are careful not to drink from a cup that has touched the lips of a child with a dirty face, but we do not hesitate to breathe into the lungs air that is freighted with foul human excretion, the debris of the vital organism; moreover, these organisms are often steeped in tobacco, whiskey and other noxious substances. Worse yet, we live in an atmosphere that has been breathed over and over again, not only by ourselves but by persons, it may be, whose bodies are one mass of disease and corruption.—*American Analyst*.

Inside Our Homes.

There are not many households, we venture to say, wherein there is no war under way between its master and mistress on the subject of tables with not six inches of space in which to put anything temporarily; chairs covered with senseless "tidies" cushions, bows, etc.; pillows upon which heads are not allowed to rest; lamps so befurbelowed that they add nothing to the better reading facilities of the room; windows dressed up to exclude the daylight, which proves a kindness if the frames are, as is usually the case, the better part of the pictures on the wall; fur rugs over which those with failing eyesight are constantly warned by the kindly not to stumble, etc. It only needs a moment's pause for reflection to prove to sensible persons that this craze for stuffing and littering the home has been carried to a ridiculous excess. Beauty should preside in every household, it is true, but it is better to err always on the side of simplicity and of utility merely, than on that of foolish, meaningless adornment. There is undoubtedly a desirable half-way point between the home without any consideration for the refinement of appearance and that which is either a vulgar aggregation of furnishings too fine for the use of the humanity which seems ill at ease in their midst, or a combination of the cheapest results of machine labor overlaid by a display of silly handwork and garish coloring. The home which tells nothing of the taste, thought or occupation of its inmates lacks the one distinctive quality of the most interesting thing in life-character.—*Boston Herald*.

Bock Beer.

From Munich, the city of beer and beer drinkers, a German historian has announced a discovery of interest to the beer drinkers and philologists of the world. In a chronicle of the Bavarian capital, written between three and four centuries ago, he has found the early record of bock beer and beer brewing in Munich. At the beginning of the sixteenth century a young princess of the Munich court was sent off to Russia to marry the heir to the Russian throne. She was so averse, however, to the dark and morose Crown Prince that after many days of hysterical indecision she cut loose from him abruptly and left with her suite for home. She became ill on the way and was obliged to stop over in Einbeck, famous for producing the best beer in Europe. As German doctors do now, so her doctors did then, and recommended the best beer as the best tonic. She followed their recommendation, and recovered. When she appeared eventually in Munich again her suite had been increased by the addition of an Einbeck brewer. The princess at once had the court brew house built near the royal residence, and there it still stands, giving to the world the matchless Hofbrau as it first gave it under the management of the princess's imported Einbecker. The house was near the outer walls of the city then and not far from a gate known as the Cos-gate, after the Gos-beer, the finest of Einbeck beers, which derived its prefix from the abbreviation of the names of its distinctive superiority in color, odor and savor. Cos-beer was brewed but once annually, and was drunk in May. But at the be-

gioning of this century cos-beer was manufactured so much more than any other Einbeck beer in Munich that in ordering it a person usually called simply for "Einbeck," which soon became corrupted into "Einbock," and this became "ein Bock" just before the revolution of 1848-9. So a bock or goat was made the symbol of the famous brew, which originally had as little real or figurative connection with a goat as Einbeck had.

An Oregon Heroine.

A Pennsylvania man after making a trip through Oregon, going to Florence in Lane County, wrote a long letter to his home paper, and among other things, such as a compliment for the beautiful Willamette Valley, one of the richest farming countries in the world, he tells the following: About noon we reached Hale's, where we stopped for dinner and changed horses. Here we saw one of the heroines of Oregon, Miss Anna Whisman, daughter of one of the proprietors of the stage line. Five years ago, at the age of seventeen or eighteen years, she began to carry mail on horseback over the mountains, a distance of nearly forty miles. She continued at this most of the time for two years, in some of the worst weather that this rainy, muddy region can produce. During these two years Miss Whisman's lonely rides through this desolate region were not without adventure. One time she found her road cut off by forest fires which were raging in the mountains. She tried in several places to find a way through, but had to turn back and take another road, and by riding at night succeeded in getting through on time. At another time, in a lonely place, she saw two large bears in the road. She managed to get past them undisturbed. Then she looked back to see if they would follow her. At that moment another bear came out of the woods just ahead and the frightened horse sprang suddenly aside, throwing Miss Whisman to the ground. The horse then ran back past the two bears and stopped. Miss Whisman's safety then lay in regaining possession of her horse. This she managed to do without being attacked. She then urged the frightened animal past the bears again and went on her way. Miss Whisman is a quiet, modest appearing young lady and does not seem to care much for the fame her achievements have brought her.—*Dalles Times-Mountaineer*.

The Big Trees of California.

The great trees may disappoint some of those who travel by tourist ticket and who see them but for a few passing moments. You can not see them so. Every day that you are with them they will grow on you. They are in this respect like Niagara. One must be with them for a time to understand their greatness and appreciate their age.

Perhaps the two things about these trees that most impress the passing traveler are the house on the stump of one great tree and the driveway cut in another through which a four-in-hand,

loaded on top as well as inside, can drive without crowding. As the drag passes where the heart of the tree once was it is directly under the green and living top hundreds of feet nearer the sky.

These big trees, together with a number of other species, now only found in California, were once widely distributed. Fossil remains of some of them have been found even in the frozen soil of Greenland. Their extinction in other parts of the world seems sadly enough to be their destiny in California.

The mild and equable climate of this State has perpetuated them long after less favorable conditions have supervened elsewhere to make the environment fatal to their life. The condition

is confined to one range of mountains, the Sierra Nevada. The largest grove is a true forest, and lies back of Fresno in the southern Sierra.

The largest tree in the world has only recently been found. It is a *Sequoia gigantea* and measures 160 feet in circumference at the highest point a man can reach from the ground. This tree stands in a small valley surrounded by precipices at the head waters of the Kaweah River. The situation of this greatest tree is most appropriate. It stands in the midst of the grandest scenery in the Union. Around it tower snowy peaks twelve, fourteen and fifteen thousand feet above the sea. Forests spread over the hills and mountains and from them rush the rollicking rivers through rocky ravine and gorge, tumultuously tumbling in youth only to emerge in maturer mind to the valleys for the serious work of irrigation.—*Californian Magazine*.



GIANT CEDAR, MARIPOSA GROVE, CALIFORNIA—28 FEET IN DIAMETER; 275 FEET HIGH.

which is preventing, in all probability, their reproduction in California, is a progressive diminution of humidity in the air.

The seeds of the two great Sequoias are exceedingly small and light, a fact the more notable on account of the great size of the parent tree. The seeds of all these species that are losing ground are fertile in themselves, and with proper care come up as freely and evenly in the nursery of the gardener as do those of the others, but in the struggle for existence on the mountains and plains they are unable to cope with the changing climate, or with the newer and better adapted species.

Several groves of the Sequoia Gigantica or Big Trees are found in California. This great tree is now native only to California, and in this State

freshness makes it the one fabric fit to drape the dining table, and to use in the toilet, while its suitability for needle work decoration makes it admirable for all kinds of fancy work. And here it is rightfully used, but to wear next the skin and sleep in—no.

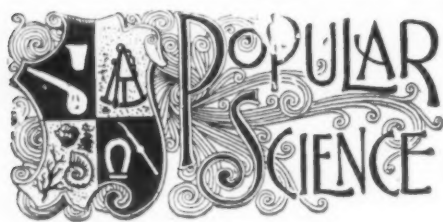
Japanese Bricks.

At the traffic department of the Northern Pacific in St. Paul there is on exhibition a brick made in Japan. It is much larger than the ordinary brick made in America, but otherwise presents much the same appearance as the American article. Vessels sailing from Japan to the Pacific Coast usually carry some of these bricks as ballast. The Northern Pacific company is lining the Cascade tunnel with them.

Not Suitable for Beds

The world, or this part of it at least, is full of housekeepers who think that there is no material for sheets and pillow cases comparable to linen, says a writer in the *Pittsburg Dispatch*. They don't always have it, to be sure, because it is expensive, but they always covet it and finger the shining breadths lovingly, and wonder if the time will ever come when all these things shall be added unto them. But the truth about linen is that it isn't the ideal dressing for beds at all. It is cold and slippery, and insures sensitive persons the dream of sleeping on an iceberg, which does well enough for an occasional experience, like seasickness, but which palls on too frequent repetition. Besides that it wrinkles and tumbles in spite of its heavier body much more than cotton does, giving a bed after one night's use a most slovenly and uninviting appearance.

Nobody recommends linen for body wear. Its firm texture and hard surface makes it wholly non-absorbent; it allows the body to become chilled by refusing the perspiration and so has been known to bring on serious illness. For outside wear in summer linen may be tolerated as clothing, but nowhere else. Where, however, it is at its most useful and best is in household uses. For table service, for the toilet and for minor ornamental details it is simply invaluable—its smoothness of texture, its brilliancy, which laundrying even increases, its exquisite



Bread Made from Moss.

Along the Columbia River a kind of bread is made by the Indians from a moss that grows on the spruce fir tree. This moss is prepared by placing it in heaps, sprinkling it with water and permitting it to ferment. Then it is rolled into balls as big as a man's head and these are baked in pits.

Peat and Its Products.

Peat is a vegetable product, and is largely made up of a species of moss or sphagnum, which grows in bogs in the cold latitudes. The moss each successive year is covered with water and converted into a kind of fibrous lignite, which in many places has formed vast beds. It is extensively used, especially in Northern Europe, as fuel.

Besides the use of peat for fuel, modern science has discovered many properties which render it valuable for other purposes. Peat has yielded to the chemist naphtha, tar, solar oil, paraffine, acetic acid and gas. And the peat bogs of Northern Europe are now worked for an elastic fiber, which is woven into carpets and other fabrics.

Montana is in the right latitude for peat-bogs; but our climate is too dry and warm, and bogs are too small and rare to furnish extensive beds of this fuel. Small quantities only have as yet been reported.—*Mining Review*.

"Carriages Without Horses."

That part of the Shipton prophecy which declares that "carriages without horses shall go," has already been fulfilled sufficiently to justify the oracular claims of the worthy dame, but the day is dawning when it will be carried out still more closely. The only wonder is that there has not already been devised some electrical motor which could be applied to private carriages, wagons and drays. To suppose it to be impracticable would be to limit absurdly our faith in the tremendous possibilities of electricity. That point, in fact, need not enter into our calculations at all, since it is plain that what has been done in the case of the street car can be done with the domestic carriage or the single buggy.

This opinion is entertained by an inventor in Boston, and the first trial of his carriage is soon to be made in that city. The motor of the carriage is said to be on the center of the front axle, "with the armature above and parallel with the axle; on each end of the armature shaft is a crank disk from which extend two connecting rods to clutches below the axle, these clutches being mounted upon short shafts, arranged to revolve beneath the axle, with pinions mounted upon the outer end and set to mesh into gears mounted upon the hubs at the wheels." The speed will be from ten to fifteen miles an hour, there will be brakes easily controlled by the driver, and the wheels cannot turn backward unless so directed, even without the brakes.

There are a thousand reasons why the electric carriage, if successful, should at once become a feature of city life. What a gain would be made, for instance, both in available space and in sanitary conditions, by the doing away with stables in the heart of the city. We should reap incalculable advantages, too, in the matter of health, through the increased cleanliness of our streets, should this method of propulsion be generally adopted. General safety is worth tak-

ing into account, and there is no question that it would be greatly enhanced in the end. There might at first be awkwardness in the personal management of these conveyances which would lead to disaster, but custom would soon do away with such accidents, and the terrorizing of a streetful of men and horses by one desperate animal would be forever out of the question. The family drive would be divested of the furtive horrors which now attach to it in the maternal mind, and every woman and every child might become reasonably trustworthy conductors of the same. The saving of time and labor would be great. Enhanced speed and convenience would both contribute to this end. While the first expense might seem large, and probably would be so for the present, the cost of maintenance could not be very great, and, as is always the case with inventions which become popular, the original cost would undoubtedly grow less and less in the future.

With all this to be said in favor of the invention the only drawback which occurs to us at present, is that unless the invention could be so supplemented as to apply to sleighs, it would be unavailable in Northern climates. Even the few weeks of sleighing with which St. Paul is blest would induce a man to hesitate before giving up his horses and adopting a new kind of conveyance that would be useless for six weeks in the winter. Doubtless the ingenuity of the modern electrician will meet this emergency, but we do not know of its yet having been taken into account. It does not, even if insurmountable, prevent the electric carriages from being a great and time-saving invention.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press*.

The Flour of the Future.

The demand has been made for white bread; fashion calls for it; the millers have complied. Mechanical skill has come to their assistance, and every part of the wheat which would tend to darken the flour is being removed with a precision and thoroughness which are simply wonderful. But does this tend to make the bread better? Does it give the workingman a greater return for his hard-earned loaf? Does this refined milling process give to the convalescing invalid, to the growing child, more strength and nutriment than did the old-fashioned dark bread? The answer to the foregoing questions is decidedly in the negative. Indeed, on the other hand, it is impossible to estimate the injury done by the elimination of the most valuable constituents of the grain. A prominent English physician, when discussing the question, has recently said:

"Wheat and water contain all the elements necessary for man, and for the hard-working man, too. Where is the man that can exist on our present white bread and water? There is an old joke about doctors being in league with undertakers; it would rather appear as if the millers and bakers were in the doctors' pay, as if, were it not for them, and for the white bread they are so zealous in producing, the doctors would have less to do. Separating the bran from the flour became fashionable at the beginning of the present century. This fashion created the dental profession, which, with its large manufacturing industries, has grown up within the last two generations. It has reached its present magnitude only because our food is systematically deprived of lime, of salts and phosphoric acid, the creators of nerve, bone, and tissue, which especially are so signally absent from our modern white bread."

What we need is a reversal of the opinion which demands a white, starchy flour. We further need a milling process which will grind the whole berry of the wheat to such fineness that the grain will not act as an irritant on the membrane of the stomach and bowels. It is well

known that the germ of the wheat contains a high percentage of ash and phosphoric acid, and also fat; indeed, the germ contains almost all the fat of the grain, and it therefore becomes one of the most important elements of food. The slight discoloration of the flour which is caused by its presence has, however, condemned it, and in the modern system of dressing white flour it is discarded. For much the same reason the cellulose and the cerealine, which are part of the bran, are also unadvisably cast out. This cerealine is one of the most important of the soluble albumenoids in respect to the energy with which it attacks the starch of the grain and converts it into a species of sugar, called maltose or dextrose. It also has a diastatic action, which sets up a ferment wherever it is present, thus largely assisting in the digestion of other articles with which it comes in contact. It acts on the food much in the same way as the saliva or gastric juice. It is, in fact, one of nature's wonderful aids to digestion.

In spite of this, and of all the dyspeptic and constipated tendencies of our people, fashion has refused the bran a place in our daily dietary. We endeavor to replace the agencies of nature by a stimulating diet, forcing the heart to an unnatural action, or, if we are too poor to afford this, we are compelled to let the craving of the system go unheeded, and receive the punishment which is always meted out for transgressions against the laws of nature, by reduction of mental and physical vitality, which in due course of time is transplanted in the coming generations. Too much importance cannot be given to the serious mistake at present committed in discarding a considerable percentage of the nutritious elements in the grain, and especially of the agencies provided by nature to enable us to properly digest and absorb the purely nutritious portions of the wheat.

Attempts have been made in the United States to introduce a more rational and digestible flour, but they have all stranded against the unreasonable demands of the consumers for white flour and bread, and against the disinclination of leading millers and flour merchants to combat the prejudice and promote reform. It has, however, remained for Great Britain, so often foremost in practical common-sense and rational application of the results arrived at by theorizing science, to lead in this reform. In 1890 a company was formed in London for the manufacture of whole-wheat meal. It was a small beginning, but the results have been such that, within a comparatively short space of time, large numbers of leading bakers have commenced furnishing whole-wheat-meal bread and biscuits to a rapidly increasing host of consumers; sub-companies are being formed in the different cities, and sales have reached an imposing figure.

The process used in the manufacture of whole-wheat meal is novel, and, as originally carried out, was briefly described in the issue of *The American Miller* for March, 1891. The iron mill used is of exceeding simplicity, and acts by creating two exceedingly powerful revolving air-currents, by which the grains of wheat are thrown against each other, thus being reduced by attrition—bran, germ, and kernel—to a flour which, as soon as fine enough, is floated off on a rising air-current and deposited in the bin above the packer, without the necessity of submitting it to any bolting or sifting process. The grinding is done at low temperature; the meal is perfectly dried and aerated by the circulating air-currents, and the whole grain is ground. Thus all the elements present in the wheat are also found in their natural proportions in the meal. The bread baked from this meal is not white, but assumes a warm golden-brownish tint. It is free from the rasping grittiness of the imperfectly-ground

Graham bread, the bran in which, never having been thoroughly pulverized, acts as an irritant upon the delicate digestive apparatus. The bread made from whole-wheat meal has a richer, more palatable taste than ordinary wheat bread. Certainly its constituents, being those provided by nature, are calculated to assist the digestive powers, and especially to counteract any constipated tendencies. For the health of the whole people, as well as upon grounds of economy, it would appear to be a duty to better utilize the nutritious and digestive substances in the wheat.—*Erastus Wiman in North American Review*

A Strange Find in an Oregon Desert.

One of the most remarkable discoveries of fossils ever made is newly announced by Professor Cope, of Philadelphia. It is a great deposit of bones of extinct birds about a small lake in the sage-brush desert of Central Oregon. Now, bird fossils are very hard to find, because their bones are so light and fragile as to become easily scattered, and their bodies floated when they fell into the water, instead of sinking and becoming buried in the mud; so that they were gobbled up and digested by alligators and various other swimming animals of carnivorous inclination. But presumably because conditions were more favorable than usual to their preservation, the bones of the water-fowl and other feathered creatures which formerly lived about this Fossil Lake, as it is called, have been kept intact for centuries upon centuries, so that to-day there exists in that place the most wonderful mine of such treasures that is known in the world. The bones are found under very unusual conditions; namely, scattered among the shifting sands about the shores of the lake, instead of being contained in a matrix of solid rock. A large part of them are quite as perfect as when the fowls to which they belonged died and left them behind. Their bodies became buried in the sandy bottom, where the receding water has left them high and dry. However, there are several interesting points about the remains, apart from the mere antiquity of the species they represent, many of which are new to the ornithologist. They prove that, in the time when these birds lived, that region, now so cold comparatively, was tropical. Among the species were flamingoes. Also, mixed with the bones, are dug up arrows and spearheads chipped out of volcanic glass by human beings. The great abundance of these weapons suggests that they must have been shot at the game, both winged and otherwise, which in former time frequented the lake. No such things are found in the soil in the surrounding region. Therefore, the query offers itself, How long ago did man inhabit that part of the country? Was he a contemporary with these ancient birds and with the numerous extinct mammals whose remains are discovered about the water's edge? It was a strange collection of creatures that once gathered about this small lake in Oregon, as the bones they have left behind them show. There were herds of horses which resembled zebras and quaggas, though whether they were striped or otherwise colored, nobody can tell. Four species of camels there were, some as big as the largest which exist to-day, while the smallest was about the size of a Virginia deer. Whether they had humps or not it is impossible to know. In those times the whole country from New Jersey to Florida, and as far west as California, was overrun with camels. The farther back one gets in their history by digging for their fossils, the smaller they seem to have been, just as was the case with the horse, which was no bigger than a fox originally. The "bone yard," as the shores of Fossil Lake are locally called, was originally discovered by cattlemen who were looking up stock which had wandered into this uninviting region. Their attention was excited

by the multitude of skeletons which were distributed around, and they carried off many of the best specimens. Subsequent explorations, by Professor Condon of the University of Oregon, and Professor Cope, have produced remains of several varieties of lamas, mammoths, giant sloths as big as oxen, and ever so many other astonishing curiosities. This great sloth, like the megatherium, which was as big as two elephants, and others of its kind, lumbered along with its hind feet turned inwards, club-foot fashion, this structure being designed by Nature to aid it in clinging to the branches of trees, on the foliage of which it fed, pulling them up by the roots when it was desirable. When this species lived in the Oregon desert, that section of the country was presumably a tropical garden, abloom in the neighborhood of the lake, at all events, with a luxuriant vegetation. Besides the beasts mentioned, the bone deposits show that there existed on the spot many extinct dogs, otters, beavers, pocket-gophers and meadow mice. Of birds there were, in addition to the flamingoes, herons, loons, divers, gulls, terns, swans, cormorants, pelicans, ducks, geese, mud-hens, snipe, grouse, owls, eagles and crows. In all fifty-one specimens of birds were identified by their fossil remains, and of these sixteen never had been heard of before. Two-thirds of the species are now extinct. Professor Cope describes the scene in this region of fossils as most impressive, owing to its wild desolation. As far as the eye can reach is the same sage-brush desert, the same waterless death-barren. Many a man has entered it, never to escape from its fatal drought, especially during the first days of the overland emigration to Oregon. The Wagonire Mountain, whose long and gloomy mass forms the northeastern horizon, owes its name to the disastrous fate of an emigrant train. Coming from the East, they reached the mountain with parched mouths and eyes aching from the heat and dust, expecting to find water for themselves and animals. But there is no water there. So the horses laid down and died, and nothing was left of the party but a few whitened bones and the iron tires of the wagon-wheels. Many experienced hunters have been lost in this desert, so easy is it to miss the few small springs that are found at remote intervals in this desolation of 150 miles in diameter east and west and north and south.

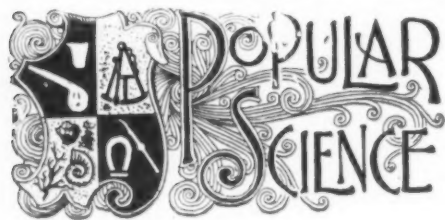
Mark Twain on Mental Telegraphy.

Two or three years ago I was lying in bed, idly musing, one morning—it was the second of March—when suddenly a red-hot new idea came whistling down into my camp, and exploded with such comprehensive effectiveness as to sweep the vicinity clean of rubbishy reflections, and fill the air with their dust and flying fragments. This idea, stated in simple phrase, was that the time was ripe and the market ready for a certain book; a book which ought to be written at once; a book which must command attention and be of peculiar interest—to wit, a book about the Nevada silver mines. The Great Bonanza was a new wonder then, and everybody was talking about it. It seemed to me that the person best qualified to write this book was Mr. William H. Wright, a journalist of Virginia, Nev., by whose side I had scribbled many months when I was a reporter there ten or twelve years before. He might be alive still; he might be dead; I could not tell; but I would write him, anyway. I began by merely and modestly suggesting that he make such a book; but my interest grew as I went on, and I ventured to map out what I thought ought to be the plan of the work, he being an old friend, and not given to taking good intentions for ill. I even dealt with details, and suggested the order and sequence which they should follow. I was about to put the manuscript in an envelope,

when the thought occurred to me that if this book should be written at my suggestion, and then no publisher happen to want it, I should feel uncomfortable; so I concluded to keep my letter back until I should have secured a publisher. I pigeonholed my document, and dropped a note to my own publisher, asking him to name a day for a business consultation. He was out of town on a far journey. My note remained unanswered, and at the end of three or four days the whole matter had passed out of my mind.

On the ninth of March the postman brought three or four letters, and among them a thick one whose superscription was in a hand which seemed dimly familiar to me. I could not "place" it at first, but presently I succeeded. Then I said to a visiting relative who was present: "Now I will do a miracle. I will tell you everything this letter contains—date, signature, and all—without breaking the seal. It is from a Mr. Wright, of Virginia, Nev., and is dated the second of March—seven days ago. Mr. Wright proposes to make a book about the silver mines and the Great Bonanza, and asks what I, as a friend, think of the idea. He says his subjects are to be so and so, their order and sequence so and so, and he will close with a history of the chief feature of the book, the Great Bonanza." I opened the letter, and showed that I had stated the date and the contents correctly. Mr. Wright's letter simply contained what my own letter, written on the same date, contained, and mine still lay in its pigeonhole, where it had been lying during the seven days since it was written. There was no clairvoyance about this, if I rightly comprehend what clairvoyance is. I think the clairvoyant professes to actually see concealed writing, and read it off word for word. This was not my case. I only seemed to know, and to know absolutely, the contents of the letter in detail and due order, but I had to word them myself. I translated them, so to speak, out of Wright's language into my own. Wright's letter and the one which I had written to him but never sent were in substance the same. Necessarily this could not come by accident; such elaborate accidents cannot happen. Chance might have duplicated one or two of the details, but she would have broken down on the rest. I could not doubt—there was no tenable reason for doubting—that Mr. Wright's mind and mine had been in close and crystal-clear communication with each other across 3,000 miles of mountain and desert on the morning of the second of March. I did not consider that both minds originated that succession of ideas, but that one mind originated them, and simply telegraphed them to the other. I was curious to know which brain was the telegrapher and which the receiver; so I wrote and asked for particulars. Mr. Wright's reply showed that his mind had done the originating and telegraphing and mine the receiving.

Mark that significant thing, now; consider for a moment how many a splendid "original" idea has been unconsciously stolen from a man 3,000 miles away! If one should question that this is so, let him look into the cyclopaedia and con once more that curious thing in the history of inventions which has puzzled every one so much—that is, the frequency with which the same machine or other contrivance has been invented at the same time by several persons in different quarters of the globe. The world was without an electric telegraph for several thousand years; then Professor Henry, the American, Wheatstone in England, Morse on the sea, and a German in Munich all invented it at the same time. The discovery of certain ways of applying steam was made in three countries in the same year. Is it not possible that inventors are constantly stealing each other's ideas while they stand thousands of miles asunder?—*Harpers' Magazine*.



Bread Made from Moss.

Along the Columbia River a kind of bread is made by the Indians from a moss that grows on the spruce fir tree. This moss is prepared by placing it in heaps, sprinkling it with water and permitting it to ferment. Then it is rolled into balls as big as a man's head and these are baked in pits.

Peat and Its Products.

Peat is a vegetable product, and is largely made up of a species of moss or sphagnum, which grows in bogs in the cold latitudes. The moss each successive year is covered with water and converted into a kind of fibrous lignite, which in many places has formed vast beds. It is extensively used, especially in Northern Europe, as fuel.

Besides the use of peat for fuel, modern science has discovered many properties which render it valuable for other purposes. Peat has yielded to the chemist naphtha, tar, solar oil, paraffine, asetic acid and gas. And the peat bogs of Northern Europe are now worked for an elastic fiber, which is woven into carpets and other fabrics.

Montana is in the right latitude for peat-bogs; but our climate is too dry and warm, and bogs are too small and rare to furnish extensive beds of this fuel. Small quantities only have as yet been reported.—*Mining Review*.

"Carriages Without Horses."

That part of the Shipton prophecy which declares that "carriages without horses shall go," has already been fulfilled sufficiently to justify the oracular claims of the worthy dame, but the day is dawning when it will be carried out still more closely. The only wonder is that there has not already been devised some electrical motor which could be applied to private carriages, wagons and drays. To suppose it to be impracticable would be to limit absurdly our faith in the tremendous possibilities of electricity. That point, in fact, need not enter into our calculations at all, since it is plain that what has been done in the case of the street car can be done with the domestic carriage or the single buggy.

This opinion is entertained by an inventor in Boston, and the first trial of his carriage is soon to be made in that city. The motor of the carriage is said to be on the center of the front axle, "with the armature above and parallel with the axle; on each end of the armature shaft is a crank disk from which extend two connecting rods to clutches below the axle, these clutches being mounted upon short shafts, arranged to revolve beneath the axle, with pinions mounted upon the outer end and set to mesh into gears mounted upon the hubs at the wheels." The speed will be from ten to fifteen miles an hour, there will be brakes easily controlled by the driver, and the wheels cannot turn backward unless so directed, even without the brakes.

There are a thousand reasons why the electric carriage, if successful, should at once become a feature of city life. What a gain would be made, for instance, both in available space and in sanitary conditions, by the doing away with stables in the heart of the city. We should reap incalculable advantages, too, in the matter of health, through the increased cleanliness of our streets, should this method of propulsion be generally adopted. General safety is worth tak-

ing into account, and there is no question that it would be greatly enhanced in the end. There might at first be awkwardness in the personal management of these conveyances which would lead to disaster, but custom would soon do away with such accidents, and the terrorizing of a streetful of men and horses by one desperate animal would be forever out of the question. The family drive would be divested of the furtive horrors which now attach to it in the maternal mind, and every woman and every child might become reasonably trustworthy conductors of the same. The saving of time and labor would be great. Enhanced speed and convenience would both contribute to this end. While the first expense might seem large, and probably would be so for the present, the cost of maintenance could not be very great, and, as is always the case with inventions which become popular, the original cost would undoubtedly grow less and less in the future.

With all this to be said in favor of the invention the only drawback which occurs to us at present, is that unless the invention could be so supplemented as to apply to sleighs, it would be unavailable in Northern climates. Even the few weeks of sleighing with which St. Paul is blest would induce a man to hesitate before giving up his horses and adopting a new kind of conveyance that would be useless for six weeks in the winter. Doubtless the ingenuity of the modern electrician will meet this emergency, but we do not know of its yet having been taken into account. It does not, even if insurmountable, prevent the electric carriages from being a great and time-saving invention.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press*.

The Flour of the Future.

The demand has been made for white bread; fashion calls for it; the millers have complied. Mechanical skill has come to their assistance, and every part of the wheat which would tend to darken the flour is being removed with a precision and thoroughness which are simply wonderful. But does this tend to make the bread better? Does it give the workingman a greater return for his hard-earned loaf? Does this refined milling process give to the convalescing invalid, to the growing child, more strength and nutriment than did the old-fashioned dark bread? The answer to the foregoing questions is decidedly in the negative. Indeed, on the other hand, it is impossible to estimate the injury done by the elimination of the most valuable constituents of the grain. A prominent English physician, when discussing the question, has recently said:

"Wheat and water contain all the elements necessary for man, and for the hard-working man, too. Where is the man that can exist on our present white bread and water? There is an old joke about doctors being in league with undertakers; it would rather appear as if the millers and bakers were in the doctors' pay, as if, were it not for them, and for the white bread they are so zealous in producing, the doctors would have less to do. Separating the bran from the flour became fashionable at the beginning of the present century. This fashion created the dental profession, which, with its large manufacturing industries, has grown up within the last two generations. It has reached its present magnitude only because our food is systematically deprived of lime, of salts and phosphoric acid, the creators of nerve, bone, and tissue, which especially are so signally absent from our modern white bread."

What we need is a reversal of the opinion which demands a white, starchy flour. We further need a milling process which will grind the whole berry of the wheat to such fineness that the grain will not act as an irritant on the membrane of the stomach and bowels. It is well

known that the germ of the wheat contains a high percentage of ash and phosphoric acid, and also fat; indeed, the germ contains almost all the fat of the grain, and it therefore becomes one of the most important elements of food. The slight discoloration of the flour which is caused by its presence has, however, condemned it, and in the modern system of dressing white flour it is discarded. For much the same reason the cellulose and the cerealine, which are part of the bran, are also unadvisably cast out. This cerealine is one of the most important of the soluble albumenoids in respect to the energy with which it attacks the starch of the grain and converts it into a species of sugar, called maltose or dextrose. It also has a diastatic action, which sets up a ferment wherever it is present, thus largely assisting in the digestion of other articles with which it comes in contact. It acts on the food much in the same way as the saliva or gastric juice. It is, in fact, one of nature's wonderful aids to digestion.

In spite of this, and of all the dyspeptic and constipated tendencies of our people, fashion has refused the bran a place in our daily dietary. We endeavor to replace the agencies of nature by a stimulating diet, forcing the heart to an unnatural action, or, if we are too poor to afford this, we are compelled to let the craving of the system go unheeded, and receive the punishment which is always meted out for transgressions against the laws of nature, by reduction of mental and physical vitality, which in due course of time is transplanted in the coming generations. Too much importance cannot be given to the serious mistake at present committed in discarding a considerable percentage of the nutritious elements in the grain, and especially of the agencies provided by nature to enable us to properly digest and absorb the purely nutritious portions of the wheat.

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The process used in the manufacture of whole-wheat meal is novel, and, as originally carried out, was briefly described in the issue of *The American Miller* for March, 1891. The iron mill used is of exceeding simplicity, and acts by creating two exceedingly powerful revolving air-currents, by which the grains of wheat are thrown against each other, thus being reduced by attrition—bran, germ, and kernel—to a flour which, as soon as fine enough, is floated off on a rising air-current and deposited in the bin above the packer, without the necessity of submitting it to any bolting or sifting process. The grinding is done at low temperature; the meal is perfectly dried and aerated by the circulating air-currents, and the whole grain is ground. Thus all the elements present in the wheat are also found in their natural proportions in the meal. The bread baked from this meal is not white, but assumes a warm golden-brownish tint. It is free from the rasping grittiness of the imperfectly-ground

Graham bread, the bran in which, never having been thoroughly pulverized, acts as an irritant upon the delicate digestive apparatus. The bread made from whole-wheat meal has a richer, more palatable taste than ordinary wheat bread. Certainly its constituents, being those provided by nature, are calculated to assist the digestive powers, and especially to counteract any constipated tendencies. For the health of the whole people, as well as upon grounds of economy, it would appear to be a duty to better utilize the nutritious and digestive substances in the wheat.—*Erastus Wiman in North American Review*

A Strange Find in an Oregon Desert.

One of the most remarkable discoveries of fossils ever made is newly announced by Professor Cope, of Philadelphia. It is a great deposit of bones of extinct birds about a small lake in the sage-brush desert of Central Oregon. Now, bird fossils are very hard to find, because their bones are so light and fragile as to become easily scattered, and their bodies floated when they fell into the water, instead of sinking and becoming buried in the mud; so that they were gobbled up and digested by alligators and various other swimming animals of carnivorous inclination. But presumably because conditions were more favorable than usual to their preservation, the bones of the water-fowl and other feathered creatures which formerly lived about this Fossil Lake, as it is called, have been kept intact for centuries upon centuries, so that to-day there exists in that place the most wonderful mine of such treasures that is known in the world. The bones are found under very unusual conditions; namely, scattered among the shifting sands about the shores of the lake, instead of being contained in a matrix of solid rock. A large part of them are quite as perfect as when the fowls to which they belonged died and left them behind. Their bodies became buried in the sandy bottom, where the receding water has left them high and dry. However, there are several interesting points about the remains, apart from the mere antiquity of the species they represent, many of which are new to the ornithologist. They prove that, in the time when these birds lived, that region, now so cold comparatively, was tropical. Among the species were flamingoes. Also, mixed with the bones, are dug up arrows and spearheads chipped out of volcanic glass by human beings. The great abundance of these weapons suggests that they must have been shot at the game, both winged and otherwise, which in former time frequented the lake. No such things are found in the soil in the surrounding region. Therefore, the query offers itself, How long ago did man inhabit that part of the country? Was he a contemporary with these ancient birds and with the numerous extinct mammals whose remains are discovered about the water's edge? It was a strange collection of creatures that once gathered about this small lake in Oregon, as the bones they have left behind them show. There were herds of horses which resembled zebras and quaggas, though whether they were striped or otherwise colored, nobody can tell. Four species of camels there were, some as big as the largest which exist to-day, while the smallest was about the size of a Virginia deer. Whether they had humps or not it is impossible to know. In those times the whole country from New Jersey to Florida, and as far west as California, was overrun with camels. The farther back one gets in their history by digging for their fossils, the smaller they seem to have been, just as was the case with the horse, which was no bigger than a fox originally. The "bone yard," as the shores of Fossil Lake are locally called, was originally discovered by cattlemen who were looking up stock which had wandered into this uninviting region. Their attention was excited

by the multitude of skeletons which were distributed around, and they carried off many of the best specimens. Subsequent explorations, by Professor Condon of the University of Oregon, and Professor Cope, have produced remains of several varieties of lamas, mammoths, giant sloths as big as oxen, and ever so many other astonishing curiosities. This great sloth, like the megatherium, which was as big as two elephants, and others of its kind, lumbered along with its hind feet turned inwards, club-foot fashion, this structure being designed by Nature to aid it in clinging to the branches of trees, on the foliage of which it fed, pulling them up by the roots when it was desirable. When this species lived in the Oregon desert, that section of the country was presumably a tropical garden, abloom in the neighborhood of the lake, at all events, with a luxuriant vegetation. Besides the beasts mentioned, the bone deposits show that there existed on the spot many extinct dogs, otters, beavers, pocket-gophers and meadow mice. Of birds there were, in addition to the flamingoes, herons, loons, divers, gulls, terns, swans, cormorants, pelicans, ducks, geese, mud-hens, snipe, grouse, owls, eagles and crows. In all fifty-one specimens of birds were identified by their fossil remains, and of these sixteen never had been heard of before. Two-thirds of the species are now extinct. Professor Cope describes the scene in this region of fossils as most impressive, owing to its wild desolation. As far as the eye can reach is the same sage-brush desert, the same waterless death-barren. Many a man has entered it, never to escape from its fatal drought, especially during the first days of the overland emigration to Oregon. The Wagontire Mountain, whose long and gloomy mass forms the northeastern horizon, owes its name to the disastrous fate of an emigrant train. Coming from the East, they reached the mountain with parched mouths and eyes aching from the heat and dust, expecting to find water for themselves and animals. But there is no water there. So the horses laid down and died, and nothing was left of the party but a few whitened bones and the iron tires of the wagon-wheels. Many experienced hunters have been lost in this desert, so easy is it to miss the few small springs that are found at remote intervals in this desolation of 150 miles in diameter east and west and north and south.

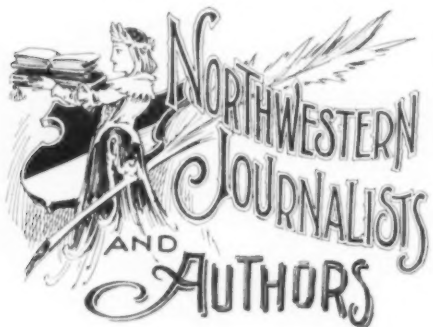
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Mark that significant thing, now; consider for a moment how many a splendid "original" idea has been unconsciously stolen from a man 3,000 miles away! If one should question that this is so, let him look into the cyclopaedia and con once more that curious thing in the history of inventions which has puzzled every one so much—that is, the frequency with which the same machine or other contrivance has been invented at the same time by several persons in different quarters of the globe. The world was without an electric telegraph for several thousand years; then Professor Henry, the American, Wheatstone in England, Morse on the sea, and a German in Munich all invented it at the same time. The discovery of certain ways of applying steam was made in three countries in the same year. Is it not possible that inventors are constantly stealing each other's ideas while they stand thousands of miles asunder?—*Harpers' Magazine*.



Editor Pierce of the Minneapolis Tribune.

Gilbert A. Pierce was born in East Otto, Cattaraugus County, New York; emigrated to Indiana in 1854; attended Chicago University, and studied two years in the law department of said institution; enlisted in Company H, Ninth Indiana Volunteers, at the first call of the President, and was elected second lieutenant of said company. At the expiration of the three months' service he was appointed a captain and assistant quartermaster by President Lincoln. He was at the battles of Paducah, Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Grand Gulf, Vicksburg, and entered the city at the capture on July 4, 1863. He was promoted to lieutenant-colonel in November, 1863, and served at Matagorda Island in Texas. In 1864 he was appointed a colonel and Inspector and Special Commissioner of the War Department; was at Hilton Head and Pocotaligo, South Carolina, and thence was ordered to the Department of the Gulf, where he served till October, 1865. He was a member of the Indiana Legislature in 1868; was Assistant Financial Clerk of the United States Senate from 1869 to 1871; resigned to accept an editorial position on the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*; served as associate editor and managing editor of that paper for twelve years. In 1883 he became connected with the *Chicago News*. In July, 1884, he was appointed Governor of the Territory of Dakota, which position he resigned in November, 1886. At the meeting of the Legislature of the State of North Dakota in November, 1889, he was nominated and elected to the United States Senate as a Repub-



*My sincere friend
Gilbert A. Pierce*

lican. His term of service expired in 1891, and failing in a re-election he turned his attention again to the newspaper business. In the spring of 1891, in conjunction with W. J. Murphy, he purchased the *Minneapolis Tribune* and became editor-in-chief of that newspaper, which position he still occupies. Mr. Pierce is the author of several novels, sketches and plays, and in 1875 prepared a dictionary of Dickens' works which was published by James R. Osgood & Co., of Boston, and which is issued now uniformly with the Library edition of Dickens' works, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The above is a mere skeleton sketch of the career of one of the most conspicuous figures in the public life of the Northwest. Gov. Pierce is a man of strong individuality and of marked ability. In his intellectual make-up he is a rare combination of the man of letters and the man of affairs. Very few men possess literary tastes and talents and at the same time the kind of ability which wins in the fields of politics and active business. Gov. Pierce is not only a good all-round editor who can turn off a forcible article on almost any subject which may come up in the course of daily newspaper work, but he is a vigorous stump speaker, a graceful after-dinner orator and a sagacious politician in the large field of national politics.

Harlan P. Hall.

H. P. Hall has the reputation among Minnesota journalists of working more hours and sleeping fewer hours of the twenty-four than any other man in the profession. He is a great "hustler," and there is no part of the work of a newspaper that he cannot do, and very little that he does not do at one time or another when help is needed to push the work along. So much energy is seldom compressed in as slight and fragile-looking form as he possesses. With all his activities he always has time to chat genially with a friend or to take up gratuitous labors for the Press Club, the State Editorial Association or for some public-spirited movement in the city of St. Paul. Mr. Hall was born in Ravenna, Ohio, in 1838, and spent his boyhood in the district school and in his father's printing office until he was old enough to go to the Wesleyan University at Delaware, Ohio, from which he graduated in 1861. He then studied law and was admitted to the bar. In 1862 he migrated to Minnesota and began life in the new State as a printer. He was soon promoted to be a reporter on the *St. Paul Union*. Later the *Union* was consolidated with the *St. Paul Daily Press*. On this sheet Mr. Hall continued to exercise his talents as reporter, telegraph editor, exchange editor, editorial writer, etc., until November, 1865, when in company with other parties he purchased the *Morning Pioneer*, and he took the position of editor-in-chief. The *Pioneer* had been a Democratic paper, but under Mr. Hall's management it became independent Republican, and made itself so objectionable to its former friends and patrons that in 1866 a stock company was organized by Democratic capitalists, to whom Mr. Hall and his partners resold the concern. In the fall of 1866 Mr. Hall bought a half interest in the job printing establishment of D. Ramaley,

the firm becoming Ramaley & Hall, and in February, 1868, this firm established the *St. Paul Evening Dispatch*, the junior partner becoming the editor-in-chief of the new paper. In 1870 the firm was, by mutual consent, dissolved, Mr. Hall taking the newspaper and its good will for his share, and Mr. Ramaley falling heir to the job office. The proprietor of the *Dispatch* had already engaged in the ready-print—or patent inside—business, being the third man in the world to engage in that branch of trade. In the fall of 1876 he disposed of the *Dispatch*, but continued his ready-print business.

On the 15th day of January, 1878, he issued the first number of the *St. Paul Daily Globe*, having first secured by purchase the morning franchise of the Associated Press for St. Paul. He continued the publication of the *Globe* until 1885, when the paper and all of its appurtenances and hereditaments were sold and transferred to its



HARLAN P. HALL.

present owners. Being thus once more out of business, Mr. Hall resumed the ready-print and continued to assist worthy members of the local press of the Northwest until 1887, when he transferred that business to the A. N. Kellogg Company. In 1889 he became connected with the *St. Paul Evening News* as editor and publisher and conducted that sprightly and independent sheet until the middle of last month, when he sold his entire interest to Clarence E. Sherin. Mr. Hall's future movements have not yet been determined.

LETTERS FROM NORTH DAKOTA FARMERS.—There was issued from the office of General Emigration Agent P. B. Groat, of the Northern Pacific Railroad, late in February, a folio sheet printed in newspaper form headed "Letters from North Dakota Farmers," intended for extensive circulation East. The contributors are farmers whose experience since they settled in the State makes interesting reading; telling, as they do, of their straightened circumstances at the start, their struggles to gain a competence, and of the success which finally rewarded their efforts. Some few of these tell stories that are positively astonishing, but which no one at all acquainted with the State, its resources or its people, will for a moment doubt. Forty-one different localities are represented by more than 100 farmers. It is a valuable publication that reflects great credit upon its compilers and the State.

EAST KOOTENAI, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BY JAMES BAKER, M. P. P.

The Great Northern Railway now touches the Kootenai River at Fisher and I hear that a steamer is to be placed upon that fine navigable river this spring. It will be well, therefore, to glance at the natural wealth of the great East Kootenai Valley extending for 300 miles to the north of Fisher and which will act as a feeder of trade to the main artery of commerce created by the Great Northern Railway.

The East Kootenai Valley is bounded by the Rocky Mountains on the east and the Selkirk Range on the west, and the width of the valley varies from twenty to twenty-five miles along its 300 miles of length. At the forty-ninth parallel we find the extensive Tobacco Plains, where there is excellent grazing and farming land. From this point for a distance of 150 miles back it is all good ranching country, the grasses having peculiar fattening properties for stock, and the absence of wind being a great boon to the rancher. Along the river bottom there is excellent farming land, and roots and all kinds of grain crops, except corn, thrive to great perfection. Hops also seem to like the climate and the soil.

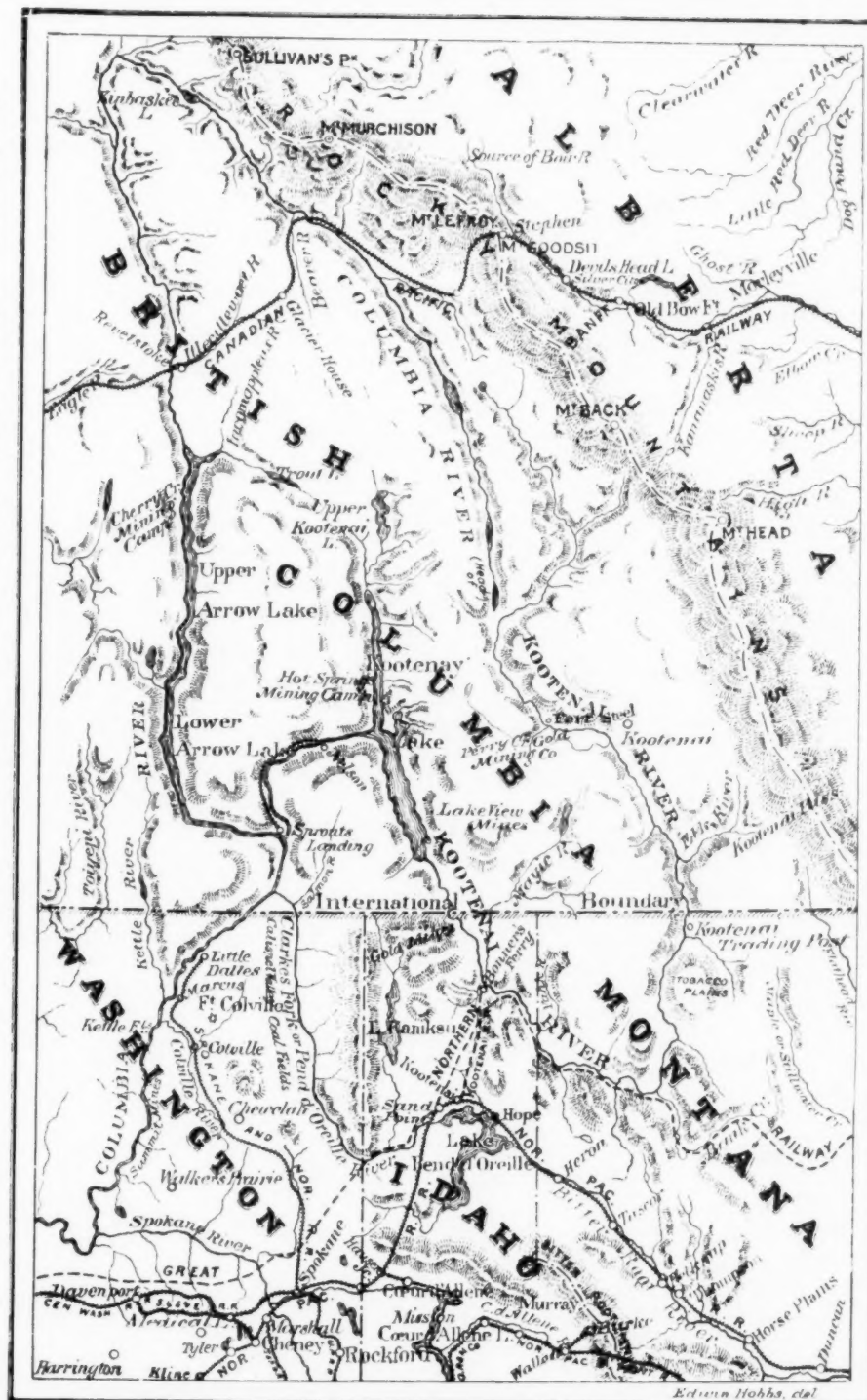
But it is the mineral wealth of the district which calls for special remark. The country has been so cut off from railway communication hitherto, that little or no prospecting has been done for quartz ledges and it is only within the last two years that any move whatever has been made in that direction. The result has been eminently encouraging. Leads of argentiferous galena, copper and iron are being discovered in almost every direction. A peacock copper lead near Fort Steele and Cranbrook gives fifty-nine per cent of copper and some silver. About two miles from it is quartz showing a rich tetrodite assaying as high as 637 ounces of silver and \$96 in gold. Not far from that is a grey copper giving 800 ounces of silver. Up the St. Mary River near Cranbrook a very rich copper lead has been found in the Selkirk Range, while opposite, up the celebrated Wild Horse Creek, immense beds of argentiferous galena are visible, besides numerous copper leads.

Further to the north at Wiundermere and the neighborhood there are rich leads upon which some work has been expended, and all going to prove that the great mineral belt undoubtedly extends along the plains of this valley.

So little work has been done in prospecting for quartz leads or in developing those which have already been found, that the country may be said to be in its infancy as far as quartz mining is concerned, and the reason for this non-development of natural wealth is that hitherto the country has been so difficult of access. The case is different when we turn to placer mining: Here we have results to give which point to gold reefs which have yet to be discovered. Wild Horse Creek, which debouches into the Kootenai River near Fort Steele and Cranbrook, has produced within the last thirty years an amount of gold which old miners in the country say may fairly be put down at \$10,000,000. Perry Creek, opposite to it in the Selkirk Range, has given over a million dollars, while Weaver Creek, Nigger Creek, Palmer's Bar and Bull River are all well known as large gold producers in the past. Considering that in all these creeks quartz is found sticking to the gold which is so abundant, it proves that the quartz reefs which produced the gold cannot be very far distant.

But perhaps the greatest source of wealth from this portion of the Kootenai district will be the coal mines in the Crows Nest Pass. The quantity (with its high quality) of the coal is so great that it is difficult to describe it without appearing to be guilty of exaggeration.

Considerable expense has been incurred in



MAP OF THE KOOTENAI RIVER AND ADJOINING COUNTRY.

prospecting for and in laying open the seams of coal with the result that over fifty seams varying in thickness from four to thirty feet of pure coal have been discovered. In an altitude of 1,200 feet there are fifteen seams of coal interposed, and of these four are over thirty feet thick, of pure coal, and none is under four feet in thickness.

There are four kinds of coal—anthracite, semi-anthracite and rich bituminous coal with very superior coking qualities (the coke produced being equal to the best Welsh coke), and also a peculiar kind of cannel coal giving as much as sixty per cent of volatile matter and a gas of very high illuminating power. This coal contains thirty-five per cent of oil.

The coal seams lie on the sides of the mountain and dip in such a way that a tunnel would tap every seam, and no sinking or pumping would be required.

About fifteen miles to the south of the coal fields petroleum has been found oozing out of the gravel over a very large area. It is of two kinds: One thick and dark colored like molasses, the other beautifully clear and of a light opalescent amber color.

The rocks and gravel are saturated with the oil and the air in the neighborhood is redolent with the unmistakable smell. If a hole is made in the gravel and some water poured in and stirred around the oil immediately comes to the surface and can be gathered in a cup; or if a stone is moved in the stream the oil comes to the surface at once and floats away. There is also natural gas which can be lighted by a match as it escapes from the rocks.

When to all this mineral wealth we add that the country is rich in timber consisting of pine, tamarack, cedar and spruce—that the greater part of the country is like a beautiful park, and that the climate is superb, it is not difficult to predict a brilliant future for such a favored spot.



A Pressing Need.

It is estimated that the farmers on the Missouri slope will need 1,000 laborers in the spring to finish threshing and put in their spring crops. In the James River Valley at least 2,000 will be needed and in the Red River Valley not less than 8,000. The Devils Lake region will need a good round 1,000 or more. Benson County alone will want several hundred.—*Minnevaikan Siftings*.

Storing Snow.

A Minnesota farmer last season took drifted snow and put it in the ice house, packing each load and wetting it with water from the well, finishing up each night with all the water the snow would take. When full and frozen it was covered with sawdust, the same as ice. The snow lasted until used up, which was on September 20. The verdict was that snow was preferred to hauling ice far.

Lumber Used in Mines.

Few people have any idea of the amount of lumber consumed every year in Montana. Special Agent Haley, of the general land office, whose duty it is to look after timber depredations, and who is as competent to judge as any one in the State, says that during 1891 200,000,000 feet of lumber was turned out in Montana. Of this amount the Anaconda consumed 40,000,000 feet. This does not include cord wood, but is manufactured lumber used in the mines.—*Helena Independent*.

Wholesale Hash.

A New York man has been granted a patent for making hash. The process is described as a method of preparing hash consisting in desiccating and comminuting potatoes, then mixing them in a raw state with chopped meat, also raw, and then baking the mixture until thoroughly cooked. There is nothing electrical in this, but it is a deserving innovation which will be hailed as a boon by countless boarders. Raw meat being required by the process, they will not be pained by the recognition, under a thin disguise, of yesterday's steaks.

Four Weeks Without Food.

S. Shattuck, the well-known rancher on the southern slope of the Siskiyou, has found out that cattle will live for four weeks without anything but air and snow to feed upon. A day or two ago he found, under the shelter of a shelf of rock, two of his two-year-old steers that were snowed in there by the big storms of Christmas week. They were securely imprisoned by the snow, and had not a bite of anything but snow for a month—not even the foliage or bark of a tree to chew at. They were very weak and tottering when rescued, but were able to make the trip to the ranch—about three miles—and will come out all right.—*Portland (Or.) Telegram*.

A Delicate Subject.

It is a delicate subject to speak of, but the curiosities of human breeding are among the most interesting that can be considered. Why is it that large, healthy parents sometimes have dwarfs for children, and vice versa? Why do some children weigh two, three or four times as

much at birth as others, without any apparent reason? Why is one woman the mother of many and another of none? Leaving these conundrums without answer, the incident which suggested them is recorded in the Dayton, Wash., *Courier*, which mentions the birth to the wife of John B. Wells of a son whose weight was eighteen and one-half pounds. This is Mrs. Wells' fourteenth child, of whom twelve are living. But such is our climate.—*Portland (Or.) Telegram*.

Where the Hoop Poles Come From.

"When I began work here," said a Minneapolis cooper, "all the cooper shops of this city got their hoops just outside the city; that is, not more than thirty or forty miles away. When we used up the Minnesota poles we went to Wisconsin. After the stock in that State was well sorted we drew on Missouri. Then Kentucky and Tennessee and now the Gulf States are sending us poles. The entire stock that comes to this city now from the State of Minnesota wouldn't keep one of these shops running three months. The shops not only consume the poles but farming kills them off. Cattle will put an end to young hickories whenever they can reach them. It won't be many years until the hickory hoops will be scarce."—*Minneapolis Lumberman*.

An Enormous Structure.

But few people can grasp the idea of the magnitude of the manufacturers' building now being erected for the World's Fair, Chicago. It is the greatest structure of any kind or description the world has ever seen. The central hall is of sublime proportions, being in the clear, without pillar or post, 386 feet in width, 1,200 feet in length and 160 feet in height. Upon the floor, allowing twenty-two inches to the chair, there is a seating capacity of 56,000, while the gallery will readily seat 25,000 more. Such indeed is the lowest estimate made of the accommodations for the grand dedicatory exercises, which will take place in this unparalleled structure on October 12, 1892. The iron work alone cost \$525,000. The structure is 788x1,688 feet, and its entire floor space is upward of forty-one acres. This is one of the thirteen principal buildings.

Crystals in a Chicken.

A West End lady was surprised on opening a chicken some weeks ago to find the gizzard filled with large crystals up to the size of a large finger nail. They were of different colors, white as water, pink and blue. They were found readily to cut glass and yet were perfectly transparent. Christmas day another chicken was dispatched and similar crystals found, though not so large, but from among the gravel was picked out two gold nuggets. True, the nuggets were small, but it was thought if the chicken could find small ones without looking for them a man might find larger ones. But, alas for human hopes, the telltale acid at the jeweler's revealed the nugget to have a brassy nature. However, the crystals are still left. After the unfortunate ending of the nuggets the lady decided not to have the beautiful crystals investigated any further, for fear of their becoming common glass.—*Centratia (Wash.) News*.

For Bachelors Only.

Our wife being in Oakesdale this week canvassing for "Mrs. Owen's Cook Book and Useful Household Hints," we decided to try our hand at "batching it." The result is that we are in receipt of some valuable experience and propose to give you the benefit of it all. Read the following over carefully:

Don't pour boiling water on your glassware. It cost us \$2.15 to discover why this is so.

If you wish to be neat about your housework wash the dishes at least every three or four

days. When you let them go longer without washing be sure and fill them all with water, especially the plates and spoons. They wash much easier.

Don't sweep the floor too often. If you spill a skillet of hot grease a good layer of dirt will absorb most of it and you won't have a big grease spot on your nice clean floor.

In making tea or coffee it is not necessary to fill the pot with water and then put in the tea or coffee until you get it strong enough. We are sure there is another way. You don't need to grind your tea as you would coffee.

Don't scour your silver (plated) ware with common brick dust. This hint cost us \$4.50, but you get it free.

To cook mush without scorching it you must commence to stir it five minutes before putting it on the stove and continue to stir until half an hour after eating it.—*Spangle (Wash.) Record*.

Sextuple Telegraphy.

J. L. McDonnell, day chief operator in the Western Union office in Tacoma, has developed and applied for patents on the sextuple system of telegraphy, upon which Edison claims to have spent \$60,000 in experimenting, but which he failed to make work. It is difficult for other than students of electricity to comprehend the intricacies of the sextuple, but all can understand what Mr. McDonnell claims for his instrument. It will add to any ordinary telegraph wire two "phantom" wires, at a very slight expense, say \$20, which is the average cost per set of Morse instruments, while the battery required will cost less than one-twentieth of the first cost of that required to work other systems of multiplex telegraphy.

By the duplex and the quadruplex two and four wires or circuits, respectively, are worked over one wire; that is, two or four messages can be sent over one wire at the same time. To any of these circuits Mr. McDonnell can by his instrument still add two phantom wires or circuits, and can send six messages, three each way, at the same time. To illustrate: The Western Union has four wires between this city and Spokane. Each wire represents \$10,000 of actual investment. Mr. McDonnell comes in and adds two wires to each of these at a cost of \$100 at the most for each wire. Further, by the quadruplex or duplex system, way stations cannot work on the same wire, but by Mr. McDonnell's system the way stations can work just as if his appliances were not attached. So, too, his principle can be applied to "quads" and the duplex wires without affecting them. Again, the new invention will work without repeaters, over great distances, Mr. McDonnell being confident it will work successfully over 3,000 miles of wire, which is equal to the distance between San Francisco and New York. At present, repeating instruments costing \$400 per set for quadruplex and \$200 for duplex, and about \$500 for a battery for each set, are used at intervals of 700 miles. The sextuplex has been successfully worked on 1,500 miles of artificial wire, which is not as difficult to work on as air line, having no "induction" or "escapes" to encounter. An artificial line is composed of coils of wire.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer*.

Eleven Pockets in a Coat.

The writer was at his tailor's the other day, when he saw among the articles completed and waiting to be delivered a suit of light corduroy. "What is that for?" he inquired. "For a mining engineer in Montana," was the answer. "He needs something made of the strongest possible material for the rough work in which he is engaged. The most singular thing about that suit, however, is the number of pockets in the coat. How many do you suppose there are? Not less than eleven! The coat, you see, is a sack. The

outside side-pockets are made double—that is, they may be described as one extremely large pocket divided into two parts. Then on the inside, opposite these double pockets, are two other large ones, each with a flap and button to hold it closed. Then there are two breast-pockets outside and two inside on both sides; and finally, a small change pocket—eleven in all. They had to be made of certain sizes, too; perhaps to hold books or something of that kind. It took one workman a whole day simply to put in those pockets. I should think that when the wearer got them all filled he would be pretty well loaded; shouldn't you?"—*New York Tribune.*

The Badger.

Artumus Ward called the kangaroo a "comical cuss." The badger of our Western plains is not exactly comical, but he is a droll sort of a creature, with peculiar habits, and his appearance as he shuffles awkwardly but swiftly off in search of his hole is apt to provoke laughter. He abounds in the Dakotas and in Eastern Montana, where the gopher and the prairie dog are his meat. He has a fancy for digging his hole in the middle of a road, where the passing horse is likely to put his foot in it. Naturalists say he is the connecting link between the bear and weasel families. He is a night prowler and is seldom caught away from home in the day time. If you want to lay for him with a gun select the twilight hour and watch his hole from a discreet distance and you may be rewarded by seeing him furtively venture out. He is the sapper and miner of the prairies. He will sink a shaft six feet perpendicularly and then run a tunnel out thirty feet before he is quite satisfied to settle down and he often abandons his quarters for no other reason than his morbid desire to dig a fresh hole and so set another trap for your horses' feet. In digging he uses his nose and all four feet and it is astonishing to what distance perpendicularly he can throw dirt. He is a morose, unsocial animal and always takes his night rambles alone. As a fighter he has superior qualities and when he is brought to bay it takes a plucky dog to conquer him.

The Puget Sound Oyster.

There have been some remarks made recently in various newspapers both to the credit and to the detriment of the Puget Sound oyster. It is only just and proper that one acquainted with the P. S. article should say what he can in its favor when its reputation is assailed.

The visitor from anywhere north of the line on the map marked "44" to the Puget Sound Country in winter will naturally feel the need of something stimulating beyond the power of mere liquids—spirituous, vinuous or fermented. The excessively moist, heavy atmosphere that prevails during the winter months is oppressive to the man accustomed to a dry, cold climate. Let him drop into a restaurant of the first or second class and call for a "Sound oyster cocktail," and carefully note its effect. He looks at it at first very doubtfully, and does not seem inclined to trust it to the extent of giving it a place in his stomach, even with the best of recommendations. But finally his courage is equal to the emergency and he plunges desperately into the

work before him—and is much surprised. A change comes over him. He begins to feel hopeful; then jolly; then hilarious, and then decidedly frolicsome. Indeed, it needs the cool, cautioning friendship of a companion for a novice to get through it safely and keep out of the hands of the police. After the first experience, a cocktail constructed after the ordinary Eastern formula is not on his list.

A Great Assemblage of Indians.

One of the most unique gatherings which ever took place will occur in Kamloops next summer, when 7,000 Christian Indians from various parts of British Columbia will assemble to compare notes and consider the best means of further advancement. To those whose only knowledge of the Indian race is obtained from seeing the thriftless vagabonds who are seen about this city it will seem beyond comprehension that so many intelligent and industrious Indians are to be found in the Northwest; and when it is further stated that during the convention the "Passion

Play" is to be produced by these people, it will appear still more incomprehensible that they have reached such a state of civilization. These Indians are all Catholics, and to the priests who have devoted their lives to missionary work among these people the credit of their education and their adoption of civilized methods is solely due.—*Spokane Review.*

What Becomes of the Flour Barrels?

Said a cooper to me in discussing the uses and value of a flour barrel: "If the flour trade couldn't find a regular demand for their used and empty flour barrels our trade would be dead. The mills couldn't afford to pay thirty-five cents for a barrel to carry flour in to the East if the flour dealer could not dispose of it. Many of the best of these barrels are sent to small flour mills in the East and packed again. Others are bought up by spice and cracker mills, filled and shipped back West. Some are cut down to smaller size or perhaps hooped again before being filled."—*Minneapolis Lumberman.*



THE BADGER.



Entered for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

E. V. SMALLEY, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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LETTERS should be addressed to

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

ST. PAUL, MARCH, 1892.

FARM LABOR WANTED.

The urgent cry of North Dakota for help to harvest and thresh the enormous wheat crop of last year resulted in such action by the railroads and by the commercial bodies in the Twin Cities of Minnesota as sent to the wheat fields of the great prairie State over ten thousand men to meet the emergency. Nearly all these laborers returned to their homes when the winter set in. Now as the spring approaches there comes from the same quarter a new appeal for help. The farmers were so busy gathering and threshing their crop last fall that they could not do nearly as much plowing as they desired. If the acreage in grain is to equal this year that of last year a great deal of plowing must be done in the spring and begun as soon as the frost is out of the ground. The farmers want young men, accustomed to field work, to go out by the thousands and distribute themselves over the State. There can hardly be too many to join this crusade of labor. Almost every farmer would till more land if he had more help. Steady work is promised until after harvest; that is to say, until the end of September, and good wages will be paid.

Here is an excellent opportunity for enterprising young men in Southern Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin and Illinois to make an excursion out to North Dakota, see the country and return if they like with money in their pockets. Most of those who go will, we are confident, do better than returning. They will like the prairies and will find such excellent opportunities to secure land for themselves that they will remain. They will find a big, sunny, fertile country with plenty of rich land unacquainted with the plow and waiting for the enterprising settler to make it his own. West of the James River Valley there are hundreds of thousands of acres of free homestead lands yet to be entered. East of that valley railroad lands can be bought for four dollars an

acre and a great deal of land can be had on crop contracts, the purchaser paying yearly a certain part of his wheat crop until his debt is discharged. If 10,000 young men should go to the State the coming season to seek work as farm laborers we do not think 1,000 would go back to their old homes; and of those that remained every man possessing a moderate amount of energy and thrift would own a farm within five years.

AN ANTI-CHINESE MOVEMENT.

There is some agitation in the Montana towns in favor of driving out the Chinese. It appears to originate among a class of laboring men who are not willing to work for less than three dollars a day and who lie around the bar-rooms in the winter, out of employment and waiting for the mining season to open in the spring, when they can obtain at least the minimum of the eight-hour-a-day wages fixed by the labor unions. There is no doubt some ground for the complaint that the Chinese Exclusion Act is not rigidly enforced along the northern border of Montana and Washington for want of a sufficient number of customs officers to patrol the line, and it is probably true that hundreds of Chinamen manage to make their way across from British territory in defiance of the law. This state of affairs would not justify, however, the driving out of their homes by mob force of the peaceable, industrious Mongolians who are settled in Helena, Missoula, Anaconda and other towns, nor would it justify the boycotting now practiced in Butte. They have the right to labor and to live and to have their property protected the same as white men. Most of them perform useful functions in the lower walks of toil and they could not well be spared, apart from any ethical side of the question.

At a recent meeting of trades organizations in Helena where there was talk of driving out the Chinamen, a speaker named Gildea hit the nail on the head very adroitly in seeking for the real cause of the hostility of the American laboring man to the pig-tailed Asiatic.

The Celestials, said the speaker, as quoted in the *Independent*, are charged with being dirty. He did not think that ground tenable, as other people were also dirty. He thought that it was only a matter of opinion as to what smells good. He thought that the dirt and soap factory aroma in a Chinese laundry or grocery shop should not be attached to the person of the Mongolian. He was of opinion that an uninitiated man would not mistake a German kitchen for a perfumery factory, especially if a barrel of sauerkraut and a Limberger cheese happened to be on tap at the time. He desired to disassociate the Chinaman from these smells under which he is laboring. It is the Chinaman, he thought, that should be considered, and not the coeval smells, which can be accounted for otherwise than by attaching them to his person. Another objection urged against the Chinese, the speaker continued, was that they were lepers. He did not know of but one leper in Helena. Then, said he, they are called vampires and blood-suckers. Their only capital is their labor, on which they subsist. Now, you can't exclude John on this ground, for he works for what he gets. "You point to the wrong man," said Mr. Gildea, ingenuously. "There was William Waldorf Astor, who had an annual income of \$8,000,000. He controls thousands of votes and is the true vampire." "No, sir," quoth Mr. Gildea, "the reasons mentioned above are not the best ones for the exclusion of the Chinese. I'll tell you what it is. The main reason is our lack of room. He crowds us out. He may say and you may say that he takes the crumbs from our tables, but some of us have no tables to let crumbs fall off of, and if we had, we would find use for them ourselves. We can't compete with them. This is the reason and the

great reason. The laboring men are now overcrowded, and we cannot submit to this great influx of cheap laborers."

Mr. Gildea is right. When times are brisk and there is plenty of work at high wages in the Western towns we hear nothing of the Chinese question. John is then a good fellow and the American workman is glad to have him do his washing and other jobs of menial labor. But when the labor market is temporarily overstocked for any reason the unemployed white man looks with jealous eye on his busy saffron-colored brother and wants to drive him out with clubs and fire-brands, as was done in Tacoma a few years ago.

A NOTABLE BOOK.

About a year ago there came to the Northwest a young French author of quick intelligence and engaging manners. He seemed to combine in his intellectual equipment the lively receptivity and sharp appetite for facts of a successful special correspondent of a great daily newspaper with the philosophic turn of a college professor. He spoke of his mission as connected with a purpose to write a book on America and was diligent in his quest for information and photographs. Most people who met him imagined that nothing more would come of his visit than one of the conventional works which foreigners produce about their hasty travels in this country and which seize upon a few striking and exceptional things and present them as characteristic of American life. We had a better opinion of our visitor than this, for we had read some articles from his pen in a French magazine, which showed a good deal of study and original thought. Nevertheless we were surprised the other day to receive from the famous Paris publishers, Firmin-Didot & Co., a superb quarto volume of 700 pages, entitled *La Vie Americaine*, illustrated with 320 engravings and seventeen maps and bearing on its title page the name of Paul de Rousiers, our genial French traveler of a year ago. Our respect for the author grows from the first chapter of the big volume as we advance in its reading. He has discarded wholly the common method of European travelers of spending nearly all their time in New York and other cities and describing the country as seen from car windows, ending usually with a hunting expedition in the Rockies and a glimpse at the Mormons in Utah. De Rousiers goes first to the new agricultural settlements of the West to study the beginnings of an American community. He visits farms and cattle ranches. He goes to Oklahoma, to Kansas, to Nebraska, to the Dakotas. He wants to see how the foundations of an American State are laid. He sees how self-government is evolved from a mass of independent individuals; how magistrates are chosen, taxes levied and school houses built in what was but a few months before a desolate prairie. Then he works eastward and by the time he has reached the large cities and taken them up for study he knows that they are not typical of American life and that the strength of this great republic lies in the intelligence and sturdy individuality of the tillers of the soil.

Following the chapters on opening new territory, on large farming and small farming, on cattle raising and mining, come chapters devoted to the commercial and manufacturing cities, the labor question, education, marriage, daily life, the aristocratic element developed by wealth, the spirit of association, political life, intellectual life and the religious situation, and all display a remarkable freedom from old-world prejudice, much frankness in criticism and at the same time much friendliness and a great deal of hard, honest thinking about the real tendencies underlying the mighty stream of American progress. Such a work would be entertain-

ing reading to an American if presented in the plainest dress, but our author has brightened his pages and greatly added to the effectiveness of his descriptions and arguments for his French readers by introducing a multitude of photo-engravings. The pictures embrace views of street-life, of schools, churches, farms, the homes of the rich and the cottages of factory operatives, mines, elevators, bridges, railway and street cars, mining hamlets and frontier villages, newspaper offices, bar-rooms, restaurants, factories—in a word everything that will help a European to a clear understanding of how people live and work on this side of the Atlantic. To show the fads, foibles, weaknesses and humors of American society a number of cartoons are copied from *Puck, Judge and Life*.

The concluding chapter of the book, in which the author sums up his observations and opinions, is especially clear-sighted and just. He finds some serious evils in American society—in the domain of labor frequent strikes, the instability of engagements, the indifference of many employers to the interests of their workmen; in the field of commerce the monopolizing trusts and the abuse of speculation; in the family life, the frequency of divorce and the voluntary sterility which prevails among women of the upper classes in the great cities of the East. He finds drunkenness lamentably prevalent in all cities and discovers more corruption than patriotism among the managing politicians. The administration of justice is not always a safeguard for the honest citizen, and religion, while respected, encounters general indifference. Evils exist, however, in all nations, and it is by the force of the resistance opposed to them that our author insists that a society must be judged. In this respect he finds the American character superior to that of any other country. There is a marvelous aptitude in America, he says, for surmounting all crises. This is due to the individual energy of the people. An American is never discouraged and never gives up. To him no misfortune is irreparable. When completely ruined in his business he recommences his labors with the same ardor as before and public opinion never blames him as long as he is struggling manfully to re-establish himself. He is only condemned when he does not try to recover from a fall. A typical American looks upon life as a struggle and not as a pleasure; his aim is energetic and effective action rather than to enjoy the leisure embellished by the arts and refinements peculiar to other countries. "Everywhere our observation has been directed," the writer continues, "whether on the farms, the ranches, in the mines, in the factories, in trade, in the organization of the family, or in public affairs, we have found that what makes the American succeed, what constitutes his type, what causes the sum total of good to predominate over the sum total of evil, is moral worth and personal, active, creative energy. This creative energy is so fruitful that if you cast your eyes to-day over this immense continent, almost a desert only a hundred years ago and peopled by Indians and bison, you will find it covered with railroads, with flourishing cities, with rich harvests. Its culture, its industry, its commerce, have become a menace to Europe, and the old world, armed to the teeth, respects and fears this country without soldiers."

This transformation, M. de Rousiers goes on to say, was not accomplished by a powerful metropolis or by a sovereign of genius, but was the work of private citizens—a handful at first of farmers and merchants, who made the country and fabricated a government to serve their wants. "American society is constituted and sustained by the energy of the individuals composing it. The world of to-day appears to be divided into two distinct groups—the one placing

its hope on individual effort, uniting its forces only when required by necessity, following variable forms responding to the needs of the moment, expecting everything from individual initiative and dreading all bonds and fetters; the other placing its confidence in collective effort, in administrative systems that are difficult to transform, looking to rules and regulations for all results and fearing above all the outbreaks of individual will. To which of these two groups belongs the future? Which will destroy the other? At the close of the nineteenth century and in the dawn of the twentieth the reply does not seem at all doubtful. We are in an epoch of rapid transformation when modern inventions are constantly changing the conditions of labor. The law of labor is more than ever the law of progress. It requires of men the capacity to act by themselves and to promptly form groups according to the needs of the moment and not according to old forms, without flexibility, devised for another age and for other needs. In the presence of these inevitable and continuous changes there are no situations that can be regarded as permanent and all efforts that may be combined to maintain them artificially will go down before the force of events. The wise part to take is to be armed for the inevitable struggle, to be quick to change ground, free of movement, not chained up and waiting a command to act. The thing requisite is initiative, not docility. The race to which the future will belong will be that in which man, liberated from all useless trammels, will have reduced governmental action to a minimum; in which man, formed by individual effort, attains the maximum of intensity of that effort."

THE FORESTRY RESERVE QUESTION.

The officers of the American Forestry Association protest that their plan for enormous forest reservations at the heads of the principal rivers of the continent is not intended to prevent the settlements of such tracts within the reservation limits as may be fitted for farming, or to hinder the opening of mines, and they say that timber may be cut under regulations to be prescribed by the Government. Their arguments seem to have converted our conservative neighbor of the *Pioneer Press*, which is of the opinion that something ought to be done to preserve the forests and that the association's plan is probably the best of any. The most serious objections to the plan are not, however, discussed by our contemporary. Is it wise to place the forests of our State and of other Western States under the control of a host of officials appointed by a bureau at Washington? Do we want to be forced to ask for a permit from a man with a cocked hat and a badge before we can clear a farm or cut a cord of wood on one-seventh of the total area of Minnesota? Would not such power, centered in the appointees of a Washington bureau, be liable to gross abuses? Would not the big mill corporations obtain the privileges of cutting timber rather than the settlers, and would not the policy of those corporations be to have entire reservations declared unfit for agriculture so as to keep settlement out and preserve the timber for their own uses?

The active members of the Forestry Association are a few bright young men who have travelled in Europe and looked into the careful methods employed by the governments of the continental countries to preserve the wood tracts. In Germany and Austria the timber lands are usually the property of the crown or of some great noblemen. In Switzerland they belong to the cantons. Lumber and firewood bring high prices and the forests are sources of important revenue. When one tree is cut down another is planted to take its place. This is admirable but no such system is applicable to our own country.

Our forests are too vast to be guarded and cared for like apple orchards. Besides, we don't want the general Government to interfere in a paternal way with the affairs of our daily business life. The world is governed too much. Much of the exceptional prosperity of the people of this republic, as all philosophic observers like Brice admit, comes from the independence of the individual citizen and his freedom from governmental supervision. We have no use for the Old World system of dry-nursing the business affairs of the country by bureaus at the national capital. When the time comes that our forests require protection let the State undertake the work, not the central Government at Washington. That time is, we believe, still far off.

ELECTRIC RAILROADS.

The Northern Pacific and its adjunct, the Wisconsin Central, are taking the lead, apparently, in feeling their way toward electricity as the coming motive force for use on railways. Mr. Villard, it is understood, would have as few investments as possible in the present steam locomotives, in anticipation of an early adoption of the new force. Experts representing the Villard roads, and perhaps others, have recently visited many of the large manufactories of electric motors, and became impressed with the feasibility of the scheme. Mr. Ainslie, the general manager of the Wisconsin Central, is confident that less than two years will see trains on his road run by electricity. The chief engineer of the Northern Pacific is cautious in his expressions, but sees no reason why locomotives may not be operated in this way, particularly where the grades are not heavy. Both of these gentlemen have been among the visitors to the sources of information in electrical development, and Ainslie expresses the opinion that there are great surprises in store for the public in this connection. The electric companies have made far more progress than is generally supposed in perfecting the processes for this larger application of the force to railroad uses. The great success that has attended its use on street car lines and the sudden revolution it has wrought in expedition and economy have been influential in directing attention to the possibilities in the more extended arena. There may be an excess of enthusiasm in some quarters. It may be that the electric railroad from Milwaukee to the World's Fair may not reach the lower lake town in time to see much of the exhibition, even if time is about annihilated. Yet, it is not to be doubted, in view of what has been effected, that electric force is to be the motive agency of the future. It is a matter of detail and perfection of contributing factors. Railroad trains will be operated by it, and still more rapidly will it be made to transmit the mails and express matter. The great incentive to its use upon railroads is the promised reduction of operating expenses. Often the use of water power on points near the roads will afford cheap power, saving coal and firemen. The hesitancy to utilize this force in operating a flour mill in this city is understood to be due to the fact that there is no local water power to generate the electricity cheaply. On railroad lines where there may not be water power there is often cheap fuel. A cheapening in the cost of operating the transportation lines will lessen the freight and passenger rates and be of material value to the people. Then in the way of esthetics and comfort there will be great gain. In heated periods the traveler may enjoy the passing air without endangering the eyes with the cinders and smoke from the locomotive. The exact date when this era will be inaugurated it is not prudent to indicate, but nothing is impossible to electricity, so far as the present indications foreshadow its future.—*St. Paul Globe*.



HERE is an anecdote about Judge Kerr, which a lawyer told me he found floating about the St. Paul court house. The judge was hearing the excuses of the men drawn for the petit jury at a recent term of the district court. There were the usual number of men putting in pleas of ill-health, deafness, urgent business and militia service; but one man, who had a dishevelled appearance and a far-away look offered a novel excuse. He said he was unfit for jury duty by reason of his religious convictions. "What is your belief?" asked the astonished judge. "The Bible tells me that I am a pilgrim and a stranger in this world, and that I have no abiding place here," explained the man; "and I feel no interest in worldly affairs. My home is in heaven." The judge looked hard at the juror for a moment, undecided as to whether he ought to be indignant or amused; but making up his mind that the fellow was really a religious crank, he said: "You are excused; not on account of your religious belief but because you lack the mental capacity to sit on a jury. You are not fit to have anything to do with matters involving the rights and interests of your fellow men. You can go home."

Is it not wonderful that two long lives should span the entire history of this great republic from the Declaration of Independence to the present day? I had a visit lately from a venerable relative whose home is in Manitowoc, Wisconsin. This old gentleman remembers perfectly a Revolutionary soldier, who used to call at his father's house to talk over his war experiences, just as old soldiers love to nowadays the events of the Civil War. The man had been with Anthony Wayne in the daring attack on Stony Point. One day, when he was telling of the thrilling charge up the rocky height in the gray dawn—how the flints from the muskets had been removed by the officers so the soldiers could not stop to fire and must go forward with the cold steel, an old lady who was listening to the narrative, and whose mind ran a good deal on death and the gloomy side of religion, interrupted him with, "Now, Ephraim, when you were crawling up over the rocks with your bayonet fixed were you thinking about dying? Were you praying, Ephraim?" "No, Aunt Betsey," replied the veteran, "I wasn't praying and I wasn't thinking about dying. There was just one thought that kept running through my head all the time." "What was it, Ephraim," asked the good old lady, expecting to hear some Bible quotation, or at least something else edifying and pious. "I kept thinking, 'damn 'em, run 'em through; damn 'em, run 'em through.'" For an anecdote of the Revolution, coming only second-hand from the soldier himself, this struck me as very good.

SENATOR CASEY, of North Dakota, has been criticised here and there in the newspapers for the view he expressed in his article in the November number of THE NORTHWEST that the tendency in his State and other States in the prairie regions is towards the creation of more large farms instead of towards the division of those already in existence. Senator Casey had in view in his article a condition and not a theory. He has learned from his own experience that

large farming with machinery and with skilled direction is profitable in the long run, taking together a series of years, some giving short crops and some large ones. He realizes that capital is going to seek this avenue of profit just as it has sought other avenues for the concentration of money in large enterprises. If a man or a group of men believe that an investment of a hundred thousand dollars in Dakota land, and the improvements, animals and machinery to work it, is going to average a profit of ten per cent a year they will put their money in such an enterprise just as readily, yes, more readily, than in a manufactory, a mercantile concern or a bank, because the risk of the loss of the capital invested in land is very small compared to the hazards that must be run in other directions where money seeks opportunity to earn regular profits. There is now no disposition manifested to break up the so-called bonanza farms in North Dakota and Northern Minnesota. On the contrary these farms are held very firmly. Some of them which could be bought for five dollars an acre a few years ago could not now be had for twenty. The business of large farming is attractive to men of energy and of superior capacity for directing the labor of employees; and now that it is known to yield a good average profit, more and more of such men will embark in it, until the prairie States are so well settled and land in them commands such high prices that three or four times as much money will be required to establish such farms as is now needed. Then Eastern conditions will prevail.

SPEAKING of the temper of audiences in different parts of the country, Max O'Rell, in his recent lecture in St. Paul, gave an amusing account of the frigidity of an assembly in Portland, Maine. He arrived in that city an hour late the night of his lecture. When he got to the stage door he thought from the stillness that the people had left the hall, but was surprised to face a company of 1,500. He tried jokes and a lecture of over an hour upon them, but could not provoke a smile; let alone applause. He thought he made a failure, but was assured by the local manager that he had created more enthusiasm than he had ever seen. This reminds me of an experience of my own "way down in Maine." Back in the seventies I was engaged in reporting a closely contested political campaign for the *New York Tribune*. Mr. Blaine was chairman of the State Republican Committee and was pushing the fight with his characteristic vigor. Every Saturday the correspondents would run in to Augusta to compare notes with the leader and write up their letters on Sunday. One Saturday, when there was only a week left of the canvass, Mr. Blaine told me that one of his stump speakers, a congressman from Ohio, was taken ill and would not be able to keep his engagements. He asked me to take up his appointments and make three or four speeches in the old towns along the seacoast. I consented. My first meeting was at a decayed seaport called Boothbay. The town-hall was filled with a grave audience of men and women. I launched out bravely on my speech and thought I was making some good points, but I could not elicit a single round of applause. I talked about the former shipping interests of the place, but not a gleam of apparent interest responded to my efforts. Then I tried my good stories on the icy crowd, but not a laugh could I produce. I staggered along somehow to the end of my hour's talk and sat down thoroughly chilled. Then a tall, lantern-jawed man arose and moved a vote of thanks to the eloquent speaker for his able address. He put the question, called for the negative as well as the affirmative and announced a unanimous vote. The audience filed out as silent and solemn as though the occasion were a

funeral. A dozen of the older men remained to shake hands with me in a serious manner and to assure me that they had been much edified. The same church-like demeanor characterized all my audiences and I learned from other speakers that their experience was identical with mine. The population of sailors, fishermen and small farmers inhabiting the Maine seacoast are probably the most serious people in the world.

I HAD while in Washington talks with the two officials who have most to do with irrigation matters. Major Powell, of the Geological Survey, has caused to be surveyed and reserved 450 reservoir sites, mainly in the Rocky Mountains and the Sierras. His plan for the division of the territory in the arid regions into irrigating districts limited by natural boundaries has been adopted by Wyoming and less thoroughly by Colorado. Washington has also taken steps in this direction. The purpose of this plan is to enable the people living in a district watered from a single source of supply or by numerous small streams flowing into a larger one, to organize legally without relation to county or township lines and provide for the construction of dams and canals by the issuing of bonds, based upon taxation. The matter of artesian well irrigation was placed by Congress about two years ago in the charge of the Department of Agriculture. Col. R. J. Hinton, the official at the head of the work, has reports in press showing the important light thrown upon the subterranean water currents by the investigations of Col. Nettleton and others in the two Dakotas. If Congress provides for continuing the work his plan is to spend about \$150,000 in sinking experimental wells on north and south and east and west lines across what is supposed to be the artesian basin of the Dakotas in order to fully outline its area and serve the people as a trustworthy guide for their own irrigation enterprises. Thirty or forty wells would probably be sufficient. He also desires to do some surface work in Washington and Oregon to prepare the way for sinking artesian wells on the arid plains of those States. One interesting fact among many developed by the work prosecuted under Col. Hinton's directions is that the flow of water above the Great Falls of the Missouri in Montana is 850 cubic feet per second more than below the falls; proving absolutely that a considerable underground river must be diverted from the Missouri at that point. This, it is believed, is only one of many sources of supply for the water bearing strata of the Dakotas.

THAT able trade journal, the *Winnipeg Commercial*, favors a system of government life insurance and in an interesting article on the subject says: "A government system would be so popular in itself, that it would be unnecessary to have the country scoured in all quarters by agents, to work up business. Every postmaster could be made an agent to receive applications, and the expense of working up business would be so greatly reduced, that the cost of insurance would be materially lessened, and thus the system would be further popularized. A system of government insurance on these lines would first provide ample security, and secondly would bring insurance more largely within the reach of the masses. If properly placed and carried out, such a system of insurance should help very considerably to reduce poverty and pauperism in the nation. It would undoubtedly be popular with the laboring classes, and would encourage a thrifty habit among this portion of the population. On the same lines, separate funds might also be provided for sick benefits and accident insurance." There is good public policy and good sense in the *Commercial's* idea.



"THE MANITOBA," THE NEW NORTHERN PACIFIC HOTEL AT WINNIPEG.

THE NEW HOTEL AT WINNIPEG.

The accompanying illustration presents the two principal fronts of "The Manitoba," a hotel built by the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, at Winnipeg, and opened for business on January 1. Two years ago the site of this house was covered by a few tumble-down, rickety shanties which were an eyesore to the town, and the transformation in so short a time would be a surprise anywhere except in so live a city as Winnipeg. The scheme of building this hotel originated with Henry Villard, and it stands a monument to that enterprising gentleman.

Its location at the corner of Main and Water streets is peculiarly advantageous, aside from its comprising in the structure the passenger depot of the Northern Pacific. The dimensions are 216 by 212 feet for the hotel proper, the depot building extending back 260 feet. "The Manitoba" is seven stories high, of red brick faced with sandstone, the front elevations being agreeably and strikingly relieved by stone balconies, dormer roof and other features. The exterior, as an entirety, is imposing, graceful and cheerful—qualities rarely combined in so large a structure.

The main entrance is from Main Street, and leads into a rotunda ninety by forty feet. This

grand room is finished with white oak ceiling and a deep wainscoting of the same wood, and frescoed walls show the monogram of the railroad. The ladies' reception room is finished and furnished in buff and gold. The bar-room is elaborately furnished. A doorway connects the rotunda with the depot waiting room, a spacious and very handsome apartment and one of the finest of its kind on this continent. At the farther end of the waiting room is another room for emigrants, fitted with bath rooms and other conveniences for the free use of these travelers. The second floor of the hotel is finished in California redwood. On this floor is the dining room, measuring fifty by ninety feet by twenty-six feet high, with no pillar or post to mar its magnificent proportions. The upper rooms command a fine view of the city and surrounding country, and there is an observatory promenade on the roof from which an unobstructed view of the country for miles around may be obtained.

The building is equipped with outside iron fire escapes on all sides, connecting direct with the hallways. Stairways lead from the roof to the ground floor, and there are two complete systems of water supply from stand pipes for immediate use in case of fire. The building, however, is practically fire-proof so that there is but little danger in that direction.

There are accommodations for over 300 guests who can be comfortably cared for at any time. It was a bold move on the part of the railroad company to erect so costly a hotel building, but after the grand opening on the night of Dec. 31, there was no doubt of its success; and the appreciation shown by the people of Winnipeg and Manitoba indicates clearly that they consider the N. P. a public benefactor in more ways than one. The hotel, as a railroad property, is in charge of Mr. W. G. Pearce, the N. P.'s very popular purchasing agent, and that gentleman evidently intends that "The Manitoba" shall take the lead of all Northwestern hotels.

A LETTER'S REQUEST.—Letters with unique addresses have been received at the Spokane postoffice from time to time, but the following poetic superscription, which landed a letter safely at its destination in this city last Sunday, easily lays over anything of the kind that has yet found its way through the postoffice:

I want to go to Washington
As swiftly as I can.
But stop me at that thriving town,
The city of Spokane.
When I am there assorted out
From all the other "mix,"
Please put me in that little box
Nine hundred thirty six.

—Review.

DO YOU READ

The daily papers? Yes? Then you have noticed the bargains we have been running? No? Then we help you out by naming a few of the commodities we have been advertising. You can have everything in this list if you send your order by mail, and you can always be sure of getting anything advertised in this paper or the daily papers if you write for it. All our prices are in proportion.

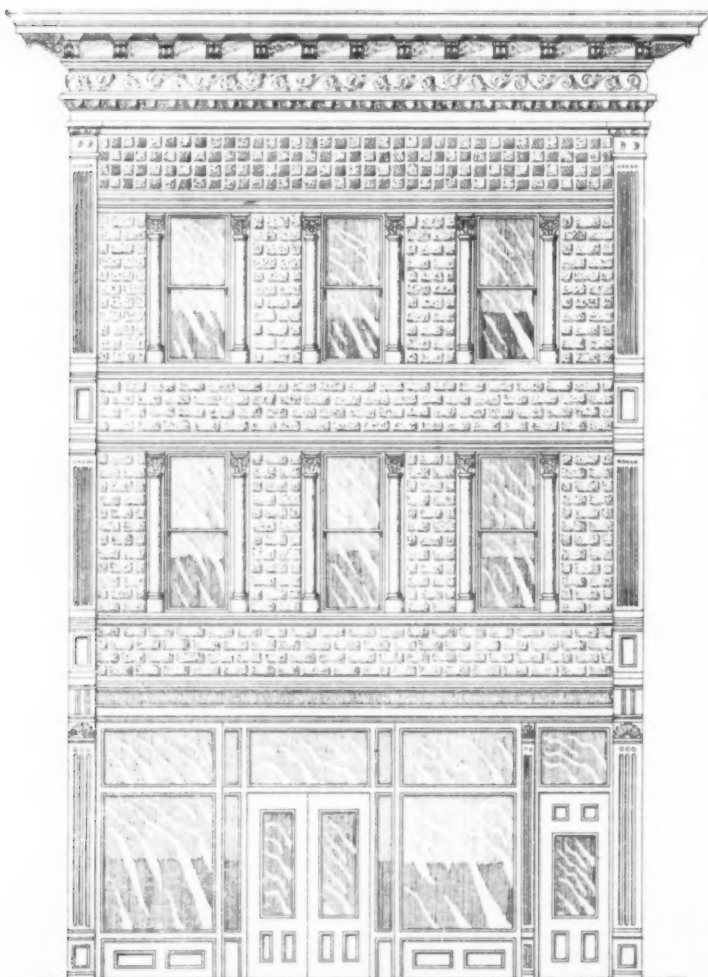
Wool Plush Black Walnut Frame Rockers ...	\$7.00	Five piece Silver Tea Set, triple plated on white metal, beautiful pattern.....	19 50
Kitchen Chairs.....	.25	(One of our greatest bargains)	
Beds, dark or light finish, single, three-fourths or full width.....	1 55	Hardwood Chamber Sets, three pieces, Cabinet Commode.....	12 87
Milk Safes 4 ft 7 in. high, 3 ft. 2 in. wide, 16 in. deep, dark or light finish, perforated sides...	3 25	The same with Cheval Mirror Dresser.....	16 75
Remnants of all wool, yard wide carpets, per yard.....	.25	Two bargains in Dining Tables: A Palatial Table worth \$3 per foot, at.....	1 75
Boston Rockers, dark or light, best goods without arms, \$1 30; with arms.....	1 60	One worth \$2 25 per foot, at.....	1 35
Those Swinging Cribs, adjustable to any angle, spiral springs, hooks, cords, etc., can be hung in a doorway or anywhere else...	1 25	Drop-leaf Kitchen Table, hardwood, regular \$2 75 goods.....	1 85
Combination High Chair and Baby Carriage, a better style than the old \$7 goods.....	3 50	Hardwood Wardrobe 7 ft 6 in. high, 3 ft. 3 in. wide, 16 in. deep, antique oak or imitation walnut finish.....	5 65
Good, Old-fashioned Secretary Bookcase.....	7 75	Douglas Office Chairs, best goods.....	95
(50 patterns of desks to choose from)		Same with perforated seat, \$1.15.	
Oak Frame Tapestry Covered Lounge.....	4 50	Carpets, all wool, yard wide.....	50
A better one for \$6.50.		Cotton Warp, wool woof.....	38

NEW ENGLAND FURNITURE & CARPET CO.,

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Minneapolis, - - Minnesota.

A PENCIL 100 Sheets Portfolio, prepa'd, best things in each department. One condition: name some one who is building, has built, or will build. Goods on our Partial Payment plan anywhere this side the Pacific. Samples Carpets. We pay freight 100 miles.



METALLIC FRONT MADE BY THE ST. PAUL ROOFING AND CORNICE WORKS.

Metallic House Fronts.

The St. Paul Roofing and Cornice Works present herewith design for metallic store-fronts, which are rapidly growing in favor, owing to their great durability and artistic design. Our copper fronts are taking the lead in the East where they are used in connection with iron construction, although they can be used to the same advantage with backing of wood, cement or brick. We make fronts of all metals, but those of galvanized iron are particularly adapted to sections of the country where building materials are high in price. The construction of our fronts is such as to enable any mechanic to put them in place, and all joints are absolutely water-tight. The cost of these fronts is only a fractional part of stone or brick, and they can be used to reface an old brick or wood front as well as in new work, and when properly painted and sanded cannot be told from the stone they are intended to represent.

Reasons why you should use our Metallic Fronts:—There is no leaking, breaking or blowing off. They are lighter and more rapidly put up than brick or stone. Thoroughly storm proof (allowance being made for expansion and contraction). Our patent lock is the best and most secure ever applied to metallic plates. They are indestructible, either in

transportation or in handling. They weigh 100 pounds to the square, and take a low classification in shipment. They are made of copper and other sheet metals and on the building are the counterpart of a finely finished stone and make the most attractive and desirable facing yet produced or offered to the building trade.

We claim for them that they will last longer than terra-cotta or brick or other building material. They are easily and quickly put on; climate will not affect them; they are fire proof and water tight; they are much lighter than wood, stone or brick, and less liable to damage. Our illustrated catalogue is now ready and will explain them fully. Write for one at once. It is invaluable to the building trade.

ST. PAUL ROOFING & CORNICE WORKS, St. Paul, Minn.

Dr. Merritt's Luck.

Just now all Oakland is in a great bother over the millions left by Dr. Samuel Merritt and his sister, Mrs. C. M. Garcelon; but the story of the marvelous luck which enabled Merritt to start those millions is known to few. When he came to California he was a poor physician, with a recommendation from Daniel Webster and some knowledge of the sea. He soon pulled together something of a practice, saved his money and chartered a ship.

He sent the ship to Puget Sound to load ice for the summer consumption of the growing city on San Francisco Bay. He reasoned well that if ice formed in merchantable quantities in the latitude of San Francisco on the Atlantic, it would be found, surely, as far north as Puget Sound on the Pacific.

The ship sailed away and was one of the first vessels to enter the Northern sound. Then the owner waited for her return. He walked out upon the sand dunes and scanned the ocean for his ship. Finally he gave her up for lost. Just then she sailed into the harbor. He rowed out to her and clambered up the side. The first information which greeted him was that from the captain:

"Ice doesn't form on Puget Sound."

For a moment he could see nothing but blue ruin, but he was soon reassured. The captain, a hard-headed chap, had not been idle all the months he had been away. When he found there was no ice on the sound he set his crew to work cutting trees and trimming them for piles. The cargo of piles brought as much as four cargoes of ice in a city where wharves were needed, and this freak of fortune opened up the great trade in the Puget Sound lumber.—*Astorian*.

A Noble Act.

"There was an old negro floating in a skiff on the headwaters of the Licking. He was fishing—fish mighty fine down that way. He had a boy in the boat with him, who kept looking into the water until he lost his balance and disappeared in the water. Quicker than I could tell you the old man had his coat off and dove for the boy. He brought him up all right then rowed for the bank. When they got out, dripping, of course, a white man, who had seen the whole business, complimented the old man on his heroic act.

"He must be a son of yours," said the white man.

"No; no, sah; no son o' mine."

"Nephew, then?"

"No; no, sah; no nephew."

"Cousin?"

"No; no cousin."

"Then you deserve all the more credit for saving his life."

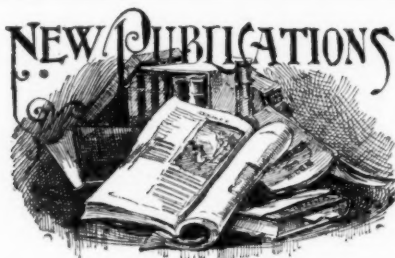
"Well, I doan' know 'bout dat, boss. You see, he had all de bait in his pocket."—*Fargo Forum*.

Minnesota History.

The work being accomplished by the Minnesota Historical Society is a most valuable one and one in which every good citizen should be interested and ready to aid if possible. As might be inferred by the name, it is a society formed to obtain and preserve records of anything of interest in the early settlement and history of the State. Part 2 of Vol. VI. of such collections has just been issued. It opens with an account, principally taken from the newspapers of the day, of the celebration of the 200th anniversary of the discovery of St. Anthony Falls by Father Hennepin. The book also contains interesting reminiscences by Mrs. Adams of life at Fort Snelling when under command of Col. Snelling; an account of "Protestant Missions in the Northwest" by Rev. S. R. Riggs; an autobiography of Maj. Lawrence Taliaferro; a memoir of Henry Hastings Sibley by G. Fletcher Williams, secretary of the society. The society is to be congratulated upon so interesting a book, interesting both to pioneers and late-comers.

Montana's Wheat and Oats.

DURING 1891 Montana farmers raised 1,856,000 bushels of wheat, valued at \$1,559,090. The acreage in wheat was 92,803. They planted during the year 94,747 acres in oats, which yielded 2,648,000 bushels, valued at \$1,759,925. The yield of oats in the State was 38½ bushels per acre. These figures are official, and are furnished by the Department of Agriculture.



In several respects "The Story of an Emigrant" is a remarkable book. Its unassuming, straightforward name, indeed, is a good index to the contents which, as the writer explains in his preface, make no pretensions to literary style. Mr. Mattson tells his interesting, encouraging, matter-of-fact story as he has lived his honorable, hard-working, successful life, with none of the "what-a-great-boy-am-I" tone in it. It was first published a couple of years ago in the Swedish language and its success induced the translation. Mr. Mattson hurries over his cold life in Sweden, giving, however, a most interesting account of Christmas-tide in the land of the midnight sun and referring to his great longing to see India when, as a small boy, he listened to a returned missionary from that country, adding, "Little did I then dream that I was to go there thirty-six years later as the representative of the greatest country of the world." He went into the Swedish army before he was seventeen and served for a year and a half, but recognizing how slow progress was to untitled youths, he determined to come to the United States. In 1851, then, with his life-long friend Hans Eustrom, Hans Mattson came to this country and began a career which has always been honorable and progressive. For months, however, it was decidedly up-hill; he could not speak a word of English, he was ill, penniless, sometimes asked for food, worked all one winter for the scantiest fare only, afterwards at woodchopping for \$5 a month, froze his hands, and had the ague in company with his fellow boarders.

"The shanty was as shabby as the ague. Fate had so arranged it that seventeen of us had the chills one day and seventeen the next day. Hoffman and his wife fortunately also had the chills alternate days, so there was always one to attend to the cooking." By this time his parents had come over and all of them removed to the Northwest. By the hardest of work and strictest economy a little home was acquired and competence was in sight, but speculation was rife and Hans lost everything in a collapsed boom. Then it was, in '57, that he studied law with Warren Bristol, at that time a prominent attorney in Red Wing. He studied hard, though the young couple—for he was now married—were so poor that they could not buy tallow candles, and his night study was literally done by the midnight oil—melted lard in a saucer with a cotton wick. Justice of the peace next, then city clerk—this last bringing them quite a fortune—\$12.50 a month. His next honor was being appointed one of a committee of five county auditors to revise the tax laws. About this time the war broke out and Mattson hastened to Ft. Snelling where he organized Company D, the only exclusive Scandinavian organization from the State. His old friend, Eustrom, was one of the officers. Col. Mattson achieved distinction as an officer. He it was who received the surrender of the rebel guerrilla, Jeff Thompson, whose brave and humorous speech to his "army" at that time is surely one of the richest things recorded, and reminds those who have recently seen "Wang" of the captain's harangue to his Siamese awkward squad.

With peace Col. Mattson returned to law, but was made one of a State board of emigration by Gov. Marshall. Col. Rogers and the now Archbishop Ireland were also members. Col. Mattson was also land agent for a railroad company, and farmer, managing 800 acres of land he had purchased. Then honors came thick and fast. In 1870 Col. Mattson was elected Secretary of State for Minnesota; he was invited to visit Jay Cooke, the result being that Mr. Mattson was sent to Europe to represent the resources of the Northern Pacific region. He represented Minnesota at a national convention held to discuss measures for the better protection of emigrants and was appointed one of five to draft a law and to proceed to Washington to lay it before President Grant and Congress. He was chosen presidential elector in 1876; he owned and published a Swedish weekly; and finally, though some honors have doubtless been omitted, was appointed by Garfield as Consul General to India in 1881. It is noteworthy that Col. Mattson's commission bears the last signature made by the President, signed after he was shot. A considerable part of the book is descriptive of Col. Mattson's sojourn in India, written in the same unassuming style which makes the book so different from most autobiographies. He tells of the monkey temple of Benares, where thousands of these detestable sacred mischief makers are rapidly becoming the ruling element of the holy city; of the fakirs; of the terrible cremation house where the Hindoos burn their dead; of the "Towers of Silence" where the Parsees expose theirs to the vultures; of a full garment he saw presented to a

Hindoo ruler, a garment so exquisitely fine that it was packed into a mango shell only a trifle larger than an almond shell; of the most beautiful of existing buildings, the Taj-Mahal; of the visit of Phillips Brooks and Joseph Cook; of meeting Madame Blavatsky; of a curious festival at a Masonic lodge where the master's degree was conferred on three brothers, one of whom was a Christian who took his vow upon the Bible, one a Mohammedan who laid his hand upon the Koran, and the third a Hindoo who swore by the Shastras; of curious demonstrations of occultism he witnessed at Col. Gordon's home; of many things of special interest to those of the Northwest.

The "Story of an Emigrant" is a book which is not only interesting but should lift up the feeble hands and strengthen the weak knees of many a toiler, emigrant or native born. It is published by the D. D. Merrill Co., St. Paul, and is profusely illustrated.

"A Missing Million," by "Oliver Optic," is the first volume of "The All-Over-the-World" series to be published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. The writer says that "having crossed the ocean a dozen times and journeyed over a considerable portion of the civilized world, has discovered that plenty of money is the grand desideratum for extensive travel." He has therefore provided "his hero with a sufficient income to visit as much of the habitable globe as his inclination may dictate." Would we might all be fitted out as easily! The "Missing Million" is found in this book by its heir, Louis Belgrave, after it has been buried for a generation under the cellar pavement. He also foils his thievish, vicious, gambler jockey stepfather and saves his mother from him. It is hard to understand what the youths of to-day, with all the really good literature produced for them, still continue to find interesting in the stories of Oliver Optic, which bear all the marks of being machine ground as they appear one after another endlessly. Such influence as they have, however, must be toward morality, if not toward cultivating a fine literary taste.

An addition to the "Modern Science Series" edited by Sir John Gubbock, is the volume by W. H. Flower, C. B., who, besides this, is entitled to a whole alphabet of letters after his name. His study of "The Horse" is altogether too learned in style and technical in expression to become a household work, but to the naturalist, the evolutionist, or the geologist, it will be welcome. The book is profusely illustrated. It speaks of a remarkable, though not isolated, case of the naming and fashioning of a prehistoric animal not yet discovered at the time, by the eminent geologist Cope, from teeth alone. In this connection, J. C. Barr, who was lately in St. Paul and was formerly captain of the Benton, plying the Upper Missouri, recently told of taking Prof. Cope up the river in '76. The latter was ambitious to find a rare saurian, the only one of which had been found near the river and presented to the Smithsonian. Prof. Cope carefully noted the surface peculiarities at Cow Island and was landed by his request at a certain point. Choosing his ground carefully he actually found the remains which he sought within a few hundred feet.

TWIST PAPER COVERS.

"Dreams of the Dead" is one of the remarkable books of the year, and much curiosity is felt as to the personality of the author, whose pen name, Edward Stanton, is understood to conceal the identity of a well known social and industrial reformer. He speaks as one having authority and not as the scribbler, and his "dreams" are asserted by himself and the friend who writes his preface as real experiences of himself in the actual body. The book is on theosophical lines, without technical or mystic phrases, and the most astonishing interviews between the writer's spirit and those of the dead, and also of the living, adepts, in the wonderful Atlantean castle built 200,000 years ago, are narrated with a simplicity and conviction that are astounding. To the thoughtful, the book from cover to cover is absorbing; though to the uninitiated his meetings with "elementals," gnomes, elves, and the like, poetical and ancient as those folks are in literature, appear rather absurd, and the belief in them a superstition better confined to fairy lore. But much of the book appeals reasonably to the thinker, the lessons imparted are good, and the last page leaves a longing for more, though the recital is gruesome. Theosophists receive a gentle blow in passing which is felt to be just by outsiders. If, indeed, any part of "Dreams of the Dead" be true the thing is stupendous; if but a small part is imagined, Mr. Stanton's thoughts are profound and his imagination great. "Dreams of the Dead" is the last of Lee & Shepard's "Good Company" series.

Theosophical ideas seem to be growing in fiction, not, probably, in belief. They are poetic, mystic and all that, therefore lend themselves readily to literature. "A Pagan of the Alleghanies" is an unconscious theosophist, an ignorant but noble mountaineer whose love story is in fresh, original, interesting style. All the characters are widely drawn, the ignorant country folks especially. Marah Ellis Ryan is to be congratulated upon so entertaining and thoughtful a novel. It is published by the Rand, McNally Co.

"The Deacon," author of "A Reporter's Romance" published by the same firm, is not likely to receive any such commendation. The story is a very tame one; growing absurd toward the end, and amateurish all through.

"The Merry Bachelor" attracts by its illustrations, and distracts by its dullness, verbosity, length, and faculty for never "getting there." It is doubtful if any ordinary reader could tell what it's all about. It is written by A. R. Le Sage and published by the Worthington Co.

The same house has issued a translation of Nataly Von Eschstruth's novel, "The Wild Rose of Gross-Staufen," in no wise out of the ordinary among love stories except that it is pure in style, and its heroine starts in as a girl of such infantine ideas and manners that nobody has ever met her like.

Katharine Lee's "Love or Money" published by Appleton is the story of a girl on the Becky Sharp order married much as Thackeray's immortal did. "Phil" is surely an extreme. Her father, the half starved rector, is a well drawn character, who feels that he has done wrong in incurring debt to keep his children from actual starvation, and yet sees no sin in bequeathing twelve children to such a lot. Such is the power of cant. One is apt to finish the book. That's about all that can be said of Ada Cambridge's "Not All in Vain," also published by Appleton. The promise of "The Three Miss Kings" by the same author is unfulfilled, for the latter book is decidedly poor.

Other late publications by Appleton are numbers of the "Evolution in Science and Art" series, always welcome to the thinker. "Life as a Fine Art" is thoroughly delightful after once the writer, Lewis G. Jones, gets under headway. His hints toward living as an art are: "Think, Act, Be Sympathetic, Love Boas, Love Nature and Love Life."

Another very interesting number, by Z. Sidney Sampson, is "The Evolution of Music." The doctrine of evolution, is explained by John Fiske in a thorough and simple manner. But all this series are good. They are printed on good paper, with collateral readings suggested and bound, and would add a valuable volume to any library. They appear fortnightly and are the lectures which are delivered before the Brooklyn Ethical Association.

Miss Mulock has descended a long way from "John Halifax, Gentleman" to "A Woman's Thoughts about Women." The latter is a book of talks upon woman's duties and faults, written in a style dull enough to have been the chief book on the marble center table of long ago. There's a tone of inferiority to man about it that is highly "womanly" and correct, though indeed the book contains good, though not original ideas. Peterson Brothers publish it.

The sermons published in the little vellum pamphlet series by the Fleming H. Revell Co., are always worth while. This is particularly true of the last numbers, "Temptation" by Rev. James Stalker of Edinburgh and "The Dew of Thy Youth," by Rev. J. R. Miller.

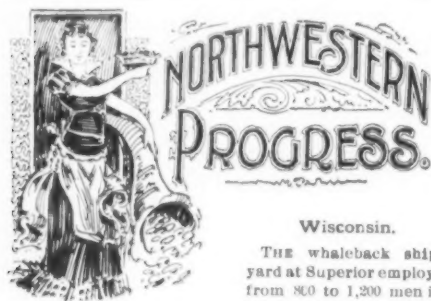
Equally true is it that much thus far from the Price-McGill presses is worthless. Nothing good can be said either of their late publication "The Knights of the Green Cloth" by Antonio Scalvina, or of the initial number of their "Golden Library Series," "A Little Comedy of Errors" by S. S. Morton. The latter at least has the merit, however, of a neat cover and the absence of the low tone of former novels published by them, though the plot is preposterous.

The "Mexico" and "Brazil" of the "Bureau of the American Republics" series, published by the United States at Washington as it might be put, have as usual, much detailed and valuable information not otherwise obtainable and especially valuable to merchants and travelers there.

"The Gospel of Good Roads" is a suggestive, well-written, interesting pamphlet, "A letter to the American Farmer," as it phrases it, by Isaac B. Potter, and is published by the League of American Wheelmen. It is printed on good book paper and profusely illustrated in half-tones. The idea is a good one and the scheme proposed ditto. The "Chief Consul Minn. D. v. L. A. W." T. M. Slosson of Box 380, Minneapolis says in a note "people interested in the subject can obtain copies of it free of charge by requesting them of me, and so that I wish to get in communication with progressive men in every community in the State—men who believe in having better roads."

Pamphlets seem to be plentiful this month but most of them are interesting and all upon interesting subjects. "A People without Law," referring to the Indians, is one of these. It is republished from the *Atlantic Monthly* and written by James Bradley Thayer. Others are two pamphlets, both by George Bryce, L. L. D., which were read before the "Historical and Scientific Society of Manitoba," one upon the "Surface Geology of the Red River and Assiniboine Valleys," the other upon "The First Recorder of Rupert's Land."

PALMER HENDERSON.



Wisconsin.

The whaleback shipyard at Superior employs from 800 to 1,200 men in its work of building steel vessels for the American carrying trade. It turns out more registered net tons per year than any other merchant-vessel yard in the United States. The yard at Everett on Puget Sound will be almost a duplicate of the Superior plant.—*Superior Inland Ocean*.

On January 27th the manufacture of steel by conversion from iron was begun at West Superior, and also the making of plates from the steel. The converters bleached forth great volumes of flame, and large crowds of spectators stood looking on in wonder and admiration. The huge hydraulic cranes worked as though they were part of a delicately constructed clock. The manufacture of ship plate will now be pushed with vigor, as will also that of angles for ships ribs. The company is under heavy contract with the Steel Barge Company to furnish such material.

Minnesota.

DULUTH spent in 1891 for new buildings a total of \$2,500,000.

ONE thousand eight hundred and ninety-one is the banner four year of Minneapolis, its official output being 7,877,947 barrels, exceeding the banner year 1888, by more than 800,000 barrels.

THE Bohn Manufacturing Company, of St. Paul, secured the contract last month for the mill work on the World's Fair dairy building. It has already been awarded similar contracts in the agricultural building, the horticultural building and the building for the exhibit of mines and mining. Their work on these contracts will not be finished until about May 1st.

A CORPS of engineers has been engaged in making a survey to the St. Croix River at Taylors Falls, with a view, it is believed, to the early improvement of the splendid water power. It is understood that the survey has established the fact that with the present low stage of water the river there will give 90,000 horse power, which would be fully doubled during a large part of the season, which, improved, would give Taylors Falls one of the finest water powers in the Northwest.—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

ONE of the speakers at a banquet in Minneapolis stated that the lumber-cut has increased from 150,000,000 feet in 1870 to 450,000,000 feet in 1891, and there are still 3,000,000 acres of standing pine north of us. There are eighty-seven streams that logs can float down that aggregate 5,000 miles of water courses for running logs. Minneapolis has many advantages over all smaller places for manufacturing lumber, by reason of her shipping facilities and its banking advantages. He thought the indications were that 500,000,000 feet will be cut and sold this year, and that soon the cut will reach 800,000,000 feet.

HON. S. G. COMSTOCK, in Moorhead News: I am convinced that the cities and towns in the Red River Valley will now take on new growth. I look at it in this way. There are no more people in the cities and towns to-day, and perhaps not as many, as there were ten years ago. At that time there were only 50,000 people in the entire valley, while the United States census shows the population to have been 175,000 in 1890. This proves that while the cities have gone back or stood still, the country has been filling up rapidly. Ten years ago the towns were overdone. Now they are too small, and their facilities are too small for supplying the country. I believe that in ten years from to-day one of the cities in the Red River Valley will contain 50,000 people. The question is, which will it be—Fargo and Moorhead, or Grand Forks and East Grand Forks? I speak of these dual places as in fact constituting one city at each point on the Red River.

THE great event of the year to the Duluth lumber trade is the construction of the Duluth, Mesaba & Northern line. Work on this line commenced several weeks ago and is being pushed by Donald Grant & Co., contractors. It starts from a point on the line of the Duluth & Winnipeg, some eight miles west of Cloquet, and runs almost due north some fifty miles and terminates on Section 3, Town 58, Range 18, at the mines of the Mountain Iron Mining Company, with a branch from there twelve miles east along the Mesaba Range to the great Pewabic Mine. It will operate as though it were a branch of the Winnipeg, but is entirely independent. The Merritt Brothers

are the promoters. The important feature in a lumber way is that it taps a vast quantity of forest pine in Minnesota, which has heretofore been inaccessible. It is conceded that it will be for years the great lumber railroad of the State. Extension toward the Big Fork River taps the whole of the pine country of the northern part of the State, estimated at over six billion feet. Duluth lumbermen are jubilant over the matter.—*Northwestern Lumberman*.

North Dakota.

THE Soo is now negotiating for right-of-way for its Valley City extension through the northeastern corner of Stutsman County.

THE coal mines at Sims are being worked more this winter than at any time for years. Both day and night shifts have been put on, and the output of coal is much larger and of a better grade than ever before mined at that place.

THE assessors' returns show 80,000 sheep owned in Stark and Morton counties. These sheep, it is estimated, should clip 200,000 pounds of wool annually, and as a result the people of those sections are offering free fuel and building sites for woolen mills. This is a move in the right direction and will result in the early erection of an entirely new industry in this state.

THE National Bank Examiner for North Dakota, after a three weeks' tour, pronounces the condition of the State in general to be most gratifying. Farmers are prosperous, currency increasing in banks and private hands, and very little demand at present for money. The retail trade is very active, and farmers speak of increasing their acreage largely next year.

A LISBON citizen drove out into the country to find a girl for housework, having heard of one fifteen miles away. Arriving at her home, he was informed that they had raised twenty-eight bushels of wheat to the acre, and the girl would not go from home. Five miles farther brought him to the dwelling of a capable girl, but they had raised thirty bushels of wheat, and she would not go from home. Six miles farther brought him to the abode of a superior maiden, but they had raised thirty-three bushels of wheat, and she would not go from home. Good for Dakota farms and Dakota girls!

VALLEY CITY can boast of the largest creamery in the State—the Valley City Creamery Co.'s plant, owned and operated by C. E. Heidel & Co., leading merchants of that prosperous town. It was started three years ago with a capacity of 20,000 pounds of butter annually, and has increased to a yearly output of nearly 100,000 pounds. The product is a high grade butter which commands fancy prices in New York, Montana and Pacific Coast markets. Montana is the principal market. Its exceptional quality is partly accounted for by the excellent wild grasses of Barnes and adjoining counties, and partly by the skill, system and neatness for which the establishment is noted. The cream is shipped in usually by express, and the pure article is used in making the butter.

THE crying need of North Dakota, especially the Red River Valley, is for more good laborers; not hobos, but men who are willing to work for good wages. There is employment for at least 10,000 men here during the season. Fully twenty-five per cent of last year's numerous crop is still in the fields; if this is to be saved, men must be had soon. At least sixty per cent of the ground needed for this year's crop is still unplowed. My opinion is that the boards of trade of the several cities and towns in the State should take hold of the matter, and there is no time to be lost. It is of as much importance to the business men in the towns as it is to the farmers, and they ought to let no time be wasted before decisive action is taken to induce labor to come here.—*Jacob Lovell in Fargo Republican*.

ONE of the illustrations in the article on the Lower Red River Valley, published in this number, shows the home of a Walsh County farmer who migrated to Dakota about ten years ago with a cash capital of only \$50. The farmer's name is Timothy O. Rees, and the \$50 was borrowed money and was mainly exhausted in paying railway fares to reach the valley. In 1881 Mr. Rees located nine miles west of Mento on a homestead claim. The first season he worked out as a farm hand, breaking up, however, three acres on his homestead, and gathering seventy-one bushels of wheat. The next season he had fifty acres of wheat and ten acres of oats. He has kept a record of his crops each year, the total for eleven years being as follows: Wheat, 35,462 bushels; oats, 5,880; barley, 3,348. He owns 320 acres of land free from indebtedness, and lives very comfortably, to judge from our view of his residence and surroundings.

South Dakota.

THE funds have now been raised for the completion of the grade of the Duluth, Pierre & Black Hills from Aberdeen to Pierre. The right of way for the remainder of the line is now being secured, and preparations are being made to complete the grading just as soon as the weather will permit.

Montana.

FOUR million two hundred and nine thousand dollars paid in dividends during 1891 by Montana mining companies! Comment is unnecessary, as the figures speak volumes.

THE Chicago Iron Works, manufacturers of mining machinery and machinery for the reduction of ores, have established their Western office in Helena, Montana. Mr. Menno Unzicker is in charge of the Western and Northwestern business.

THE largest yield of any one crop so far reported in the Gallatin Valley for 1891, was that raised by Wm. B. Reed, about eight miles southwest of Bozeman. Two hundred and thirteen acres of oats produced 20,251 bushels, an average of over ninety-five bushels per acre. Eleven acres of wheat yielded 685 bushels, being an average of over sixty-two bushels per acre.

THE new city directory, just issued, contains 372 pages and gives Great Falls a population of 8,094. During the past year a fine sewer system was put in; \$5,000 expended on public parks; a large number of new brick blocks erected, including a \$75,000 opera house; the electric street railway extended, giving ten miles of track; a second bridge built across the Missouri; in all nearly \$4,000,000 expended in public and private improvements.

A HELENA special to the Pioneer Press says: The rush to take up sapphire ground along the Missouri River near Helena still continues. Every day location notices are received at the office of the county clerk. Just what state the titles to these various claims are in would be hard to tell. Some are located two or three times. Not only is the ground on both sides of the river taken up, but locations are made in the river bed and channel, so not a spot may be overlooked in the region of country covering the sapphire fields.

THE Bozeman Chronicle says that the census bureau has issued a bulletin upon the subject of irrigation in Montana. It is shown that in that State there are 3,702 farms irrigated out of a total number of 5,694. The total area of land upon which crops are raised by irrigation in the census year ending May 31, 1890, was 350,582 acres, in addition to which there were approximately 217,000 acres irrigated for grazing purposes. The average annual cost of water is ninety-five cents an acre, which, deducted from the annual value of products per acre, leaves the average annual returns \$12.01 per acre.

MISSOULA takes a long stride to the front. She will hereafter discard the "dead-beat" and give attention to another kind of beet that is found to do well here, and which will prove a blessing instead of a curse, as the dead-beat always does in any community. Missoula is going to have a large first class beet sugar factory. This is official. The ground has been purchased, the plans of the factory made out and approved, and better still, Mr. E. L. Bonner is now in the East for the purpose of purchasing the necessary machinery for the immense plant to be erected. All this is true, and by the time the beets are ready to be pulled from the rich valley soil of Montana next season, the plant will be prepared to convert them into sugar.—*Missoula Gazette*.

THE Helena Independent of Feb. 7th says: The gratifying announcement that the Northern Pacific will make an early commencement of work on the line from Avon to Columbia Falls has been received. The importance of this road to Helena cannot be over-estimated, while to the Northern Pacific its value will be incalculable. The distance between the two points is about 150 miles and practically all water grade. The immense coal deposits at Columbia Falls, said to be equal in quality to any now on the market, will find a ready sale at Helena and Butte, added to which, the almost inexhaustible timber supplies along the route will yield freights equal to the hauling capacity for many years. By the building of this branch the Northern Pacific will snatch from the Great Northern substantially all the traffic of the Flathead section. In what matter the Great Northern will protect itself remains yet to be seen. Obviously it cannot with profit transport the heavy commodities of the valley to market via Assinaboine. If the Great Falls & Canada line be acquired and used (after widening the gauge) as a cut off between Great Falls and the main line it would still have the long route, as against the Northern Pacific with additional disadvantage with Butte freight of being compelled to cross the main range twice.

Idaho.

S. FRANKEL, of New York, president of the North American Gem Opal Mining Company of this city and one of the heaviest dealers in the precious metals in the United States, has sailed for Europe, having in his possession 5,000 karats of opals that were mined three and one-half miles from here, valued at from \$30 to \$50 per karat, which he will dispose of, and will also that \$25,000 of the company's stock there. The opals which he has with him are the result of the company's operations since August—good pay for the work, surely! The field where

the mine is located has been prospected thoroughly, and it shows up as well as the present prospect. The idea, therefore, is apparently to get the wealthiest capitalists in the United States and Europe interested, and develop the industry on a gigantic scale. It is not at all improbable that Moscow may yet become the opal mining center of the United States—or, possibly, the whole world.—*Moscow Star*.

THE amount of gold taken out on the North Side of the Cœur d'Alene district during the year 1891 is no less than \$250,000 at the least calculation. Of this amount \$115,000 in gold was disposed of in Murray to gold buyers. This product of over \$250,000 in gold during last season might be termed a light one, as the water was scarce on account of the limited amount of snow last winter. This season, however, has many bright prospects for a splendid yield. Almost six feet of snow has fallen so far this winter on the level, while twice that depth has fallen on the mountain tops. All the claims are in readiness to start up at the first signs of the spring flow and a prosperous season is looked for this year on the North Side.—*Murray Sun*.

AN INVITATION TO IDAHO.—Where else on God's green earth are there tens of thousands of acres of land beckoning for the homeseeker to come with his family, with his intelligence, with his energy, with his ax and his plow, like those of Idaho? New York with its millions of population has no such soil, no such cereals, no such fruitage, no such forests, no such mines, no such climate as fair Idaho. Nor has the Star of Empire encountered it in its westward course till it crossed the Rocky Mountains and planted its impress upon Idaho. It is the promised land which Horace Greeley saw in a vision—the land of milk and honey. Therefore, come all you homeseekers with your families to the Gem of the Mountains. Bring your big boys and your big girls with you. Bring your manhood and your staying qualities with you; bring your conscience and your sound convictions with you; come to Idaho as honest, faithful and industrious citizens. There is room for several millions without crowding. At the World's Fair the products of Idaho will be exhibited and they will illustrate the great natural resources of the State. In the meantime let immigration pour in.—*Wallace Press*.

Oregon.

ONE thousand dollars invested in a prune orchard will yield a larger income than \$40,000 invested in bonds, says one who has had considerable experience in systematic and successful fruitgrowing. The former investment is within the reach of many, while the latter can be attained only by a few. But one thing can change this condition, and that is overproduction. This is not to be feared for several years at least.—*Oregonian*.

TIMBER LAND PROTECTION.—The matter of securing representations of public land about Mount Hood, Crater Lake and the head waters of Bull Run is being given attention. A member of Oregon's delegation in Congress writes that he thinks a strip along the summits of the Cascades, from the boundary line to the California line, should be set aside as a reservation. Steps are also being taken to put a stop to the wanton burning of timber, by appointing detectives to hunt up the originators of fires and prosecute them. Much more timber has been destroyed in Oregon, since its settlement, by fire than by the axe. Settlers burning brush, hunters and campers, sheepmen and others, who allow fires to get into timber land, will be looked after. Indians from the Warm Springs have destroyed large areas of timber on the headwaters of the Clackamas, and in many places white hunters have wantonly burned off timber just to give them an open space to shoot deer in.—*Oregonian*.

Washington.

C. L. WENZELL is about to begin, near Chehalis, the experiment of raising peppermint for the purpose of extracting oil.

THE Northern Pacific's new depot, to be erected at Tacoma next season, will cost fully \$500,000. It will be erected on the east side of Pacific Avenue below Seventeenth Street.

A GREAT many acres in the Yakima country are being planted in hops this year. The alkali soil is said to be fatal to lice, while it produces a good hop crop regularly. Many Puyallup and White River Valley farmers are putting in big fields in Yakima.

MORE wheat was shipped from Seattle last year than ever before. The success of the business is an assurance of one, and possibly two more elevators during the present year. Including foreign and coastwise shipments the splendid aggregate of 30,000 tons represents last year's business.

J. P. T. McCROSKEY and sons of Pullman are the largest barley raisers in the State. Their crop this year was 150,000 bushels. Mr. McCroskey says the region around Colfax is the best barley section in the United States. His individual farm averaged seventy-one bushels per acre this year.—*Anacortes Farmer*.

THE Yakima Land Company's No. 1 artesian well is now flowing 650,000 gallons a day through a six-inch pipe, twenty feet above ground. A local paper says: "High-line irrigation is now settled in this district, and thousands of acres heretofore valueless land is now in demand and has an agricultural value. The company will operate several boring machines as soon as they can be built and shipped in from the East."

FRUIT growing is being undertaken largely in several sections of the State. On one day this month 20,000 trees were taken from Coulee City to the farms in the neighborhood, and a fruit grower in the Wenatchee Valley who has 1,000 vines now growing, will plant 3,000 more in the spring. The Concord is one of the best varieties of grape for Western Washington, while the Black Hamburg, Royal Muscadine, and Moore's Early and Lady are also recommended.

A COMPANY with \$50,000 capital stock has been formed at South Bend for the manufacture of tanning extract from hemlock bark. Construction of the works will begin early next month, which are to be ready for business about June 1. Forty men will be employed regularly and 200 during the stripping season—May, June, July and August. The supply of hemlock bark immediately about South Bend is practically unlimited and every local condition favors the industry. There are only seven tanning extract factories on the continent and but one west of Pennsylvania—the one on Clallam Bay. The Washington bark yields fifty per cent more extract than does the Eastern bark.

A WRITER to the Walla Walla Union-Journal from Wallula says in regard to raising peanuts along the Columbia River: "Some time in the end of June we planted about six pounds of peanuts, just as an experiment, and we were rewarded with an ample crop despite many discouraging incidents. In the first place the surrounding country is overrun with rabbits and we had no wire fencing to guard against their ravages. Although they destroyed a large quantity of vines we succeeded in getting a large return. The crop was only irrigated twice during the summer and was planted two or three weeks too late, but the experiment demonstrated that peanuts can be very successfully raised in our own State, and it is my intention to put a considerable area in them next year. A lady friend of mine from North Carolina, who saw some of them, said she never saw better peanuts in her life, and has seldom seen as good. We therefore, feel very much encouraged and I have no doubt that in a few years we will be able to get along without importing any from the East at all."

THE Northern Pacific and men associated with it are paying more and more attention to the development of the inland empire in Yakima, Franklin, Kittitas and Klickitat country, which lacks but water to make it one of the most productive parts of the State. Assistant General Land Agent George P. Eaton returned yesterday from his ranch in Yakima County, on the line of the big irrigating ditch now under construction. He says that the country is developing very rapidly and in time will give the railroad a heavy and profitable traffic. Contractors King & Dickinson to-day received orders to double the length of the Kiona ditch and build twenty miles instead of ten for the Yakima Irrigating & Improvement Company, which owns 22,000 acres of desert land. Fifty teams and 100 men are now at work and the force will be largely increased. It is a nine months' job. Yakima River is the source of water supply, the ditch to be fifteen feet wide at the base and thirty feet at the top. The ditch will follow the river, at a short distance away, between Kiona and Kennewick stations. Nine miles of it was constructed last year, watering about 10,000 acres, so that the present extension will give the company a canal nearly thirty miles in length.—*Tacoma News*.

Alaska.

A CITIZEN of Tacoma seriously contemplates establishing a wild goose cannery at the mouth of the great Yukon River, in Alaska. The fowls congregate there by millions during the summer season, and can be killed with clubs. Potted wild geese is said to be delicious, and the Tacomaian thinks "there's millions in it" for some one.—*Slaughter (Wash.) Sun*.

Manitoba.

THE Manitoba Binder Twine and Cordage Company is being organized in Winnipeg for the purpose of erecting a factory and manufacturing the articles mentioned in its title. It is said the Consumers Cordage Company, of Montreal, which has eight factories in Eastern Canada, and a capital of \$8,000,000, will establish a branch factory in Winnipeg this season.

STRONG evidence of the confidence felt in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories is afforded by the record of the sales of land made by the Canada Northwest Land Company during the past two years. The figures for 1891 shows sales of 45,215 acres for \$230,500 as against sales for 1890 of 21,997 acres for \$118,737, the increase for 1891 being 23,218 acres for \$113,763. It is gratifying to

know that scarcely any of this land was bought for speculative purposes, nearly the whole of it having been purchased by farmers, the result of which will be seen in a largely increased acreage under cultivation in this and succeeding years.—*Western World*.

A WINNIPEG real estate broker has collected some statistics relative to the real estate transactions in the city during 1891, and finds there have been 1,100 transfers of city property averaging \$1,750 each. This would make the total amount of property which has changed hands about \$2,000,000. The greater proportion of the purchases have been made by residents, comparatively little being bought by outsiders for speculative purposes. In most cases the purchasers either have improved the property or intend doing so at an early date, a fact which marks a very healthy and progressive condition in the development of the city. The amount of building in 1891 far exceeds that of any year since 1882, some 225 dwellings having been erected, and this is regarded as a good guarantee for an active market this year. About 350 residences which were controlled by companies have been purchased during the year, principally by railway men. The amount spent in building exceeds \$1,000,000.

British Columbia.

THE Vancouver Northern, Peace River and Alaska Railway and Navigation Company has given notice of its intention to apply to the British Columbia Legislature at its next session for an act declaring the said company a body politic within the jurisdiction of the Parliament of Canada, and the said company's railway to be a work for the general advantage of Canada; also that the railway act of Canada may apply instead of the railway act of British Columbia.

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"Improvement the Order of the Age."

Many readers of this magazine are aware, doubtless, that one of the largest offices that The Smith Premier Typewriter Company has located in various cities in the Union was opened in St. Paul November 1, of last year, under the management of Mr. F. A. Dennison, and in passing it might be said that another will be opened in Minneapolis under the same management, just as soon as the factory can be sufficiently increased to supply the typewriters.

From the general interest felt in this comparatively new candidate for public favor in the typewriter field throughout the great Northwest, it is believed that a brief account of what it is, where and how it is made, the character of its management etc., will be of interest to our readers.

The Smith Premier Typewriter has been upon the market between two or three years, and the position it has already attained beside those which, previous to that date were considered leaders, the push, energy and system by which its introduction and sale have now reached about forty machines per day are subjects of surprise and congratulation among those who are conversant with the facts and enjoy the acquaintance of the rising young manufacturer.

The present head and front of this enterprise is Mr. L. C. Smith of Syracuse, New York, where the manufactory is located. Although he has not yet nearly reached middle age he is widely known in the West and elsewhere in connection with the L. C. Smith breech loading gun, which he manufactured and sold for about twelve years before he began the development of the typewriter. In that industry he grew his spurs as a manufacturer, and exhibited executive and business ability of a high order, and placed his gun in the front rank throughout the world. He made a lot of money which did not come amiss when he took up the typewriter. Of the successful machines now in use by the American people a new typewriter and manufacturing plant can be least of all established on wind.

Mr. Smith disposed of his gun plant, excepting the buildings, in January, 1890, and had prior to that date obtained control of the Premier Typewriter when in course of invention, he now thought people were buying writing machines, and without waiting to see the exact results of the development of the new device as to its practical working advantages, he took the bit in his teeth, erected a five story brick building, and with a large annex in connection with the gun factory filled it with costly and efficient machinery, and in a very brief space of time placed before the public a typewriter which combines many features entirely new, with improvements on former machines which he confidently claims give it the preference over all others.

The buildings mentioned contain a working floor space of nearly 45,000 square feet, and now two years after the start have upon the pay-roll in connection with the business, over 400 employees. Let us see what is in this building: Entering the spacious suite of offices at the front on the first floor of the main building we pass through them to the shipping room, stock room and japping room in the rear. The Japan room is iron lined throughout as a protection from fire, and the same may be said of other rooms where fire is used for tempering, forging, etc.

On the lower floor of the old building the finishing of the castings for the machine is carried on; here also is a carpenter shop and the engine and boiler rooms with a department for forging the type-bars from the straight steel wire, etc. Two straight Line Engines are employed, one of eighty horse power maximum for driving the machinery, and one of sixty horse power maximum for driving the machinery, and one of sixty horse power maximum for the electric incandescent light plant. Taking the elevator to the second floor we find in the main building the entire floor given up to the manufacture of lighter machine work such as screw making, etc., by the aid of over 100 different machines, punch presses, drill presses, screw machines, etc.

The second floor of the old building is thickly set with milling machines of all sizes and styles, lathes and other fine machinery, and here all of the heavier machine work is done. Here also is the ingenious automatic rack cutting machine invented and made in the factory for the special purpose of cutting the rack which forms a part

of the escapement action of the typewriter. All day, and day after day it performs its duty far better than it could be done by hand with absolute uniformity, and with no other attention than keeping it fed with blanks. On this floor there stand more than 150 machines of various kinds used in the manufacture of typewriters.

On the third and top floors of the old building the polishing and nickeling of the various parts of the machine is done, also the tool making for the factory, for it must be remembered that the manufacture of the necessary tools with which to construct such a machine as a typewriter, constitutes a large part of the industry, and calls for inventive skill of high order.

The third floor of the main building is largely devoted to the drilling and fitting of parts as well as assembling them, and on this floor of the annex most of the wiring of the typewriter is conducted. It is on this floor also that the deeply interesting process of steel type-making is carried on. This is done in a special machine made and invented in the factory, and which so nearly exhibits human intelligence in its operation that one almost looks about for the brains, but the brains were put into it when it was made. A detailed description of this wonderful machine would be impossible even if it were permissible, and it need only be said that it takes square steel wire, cuts it off at the required length and turns the taper shank, and on the other end forms the perfect raised letter which does the printing in the finished machine. All this is accomplished with no human aid whatever, and the machine turns out type in sufficient quantities to supply the manufactory.

The entire fourth and fifth floors of the main building and the annex is devoted to the general advancement of the various parts of the machine, and have their full complement of mechanics.

This brief and possibly somewhat tedious mention of the various departments of this industry has been given chiefly to show that every part of this ingenious and harmoniously working mechanism is made in the factory, and that there is a perfect system in the conduct of the establishment, which makes one marvel how it could all be brought into working order in so short a space of time.

The work in several parts of the manufactory is done under contract with one skilled mechanic in each department who supplies his own subordinates, thus making him directly responsible to the head; in fact throughout the entire establishment the watchword is system, and the genius for organization and executive operations is seen on every hand.

In the office the system is so perfected through monthly reports from the various offices, all being controlled at the headquarters, that the proprietor can trace at any time any and every machine sent out, and learn of its location so that if any office manager in the whole system should withdraw from the employment of the company the business could move right along in other hands without any great interference. This manufactory is a great human beehive, and the bees swarmed only about two years ago. This is the only surprising part of it. Now the demand for the Smith Premier Typewriter is far beyond the capacity of the works, and it always has been from the first, although the capacity has been constantly and regularly increasing. With the best management in the world, with the energy of a regiment of men, and with the business ability of the best all this could never have been accomplished if there had not been solid merit behind the machine. The fact is, we are informed, that this machine is rarely ever exchanged for another make. Every operator on it becomes an agent for its further sale in spite of himself.

A cordial invitation is extended to our readers to visit the office in the Chamber of Commerce Building, and study The Smith Premier Typewriter at their leisure.

The Pride of Erin.

Ireland has one pride, the glory of which never fades. Parnell died with his fair fame beclouded. O'Connell is now but a memory. Emmett's time will not fully come until his epitaph is written. The true pride of the little green isle and her hardy sons is one whose memory is always fresh, whose works are not forgotten, whose name is revered, who waits not for Ireland's climax—St. Patrick. The young priest who taught the brawny Celts how to live; the loving, revered father who showed them life's better way; the bishop who reared universities in Ulster and Munster; the saint whose glory is Ireland's—St. Patrick. Everywhere Irishmen commemorate his birth and his career; everywhere they point to him as one greater than Parnell, Dillon, O'Connell, Emmett and Wolfe Tone. Everywhere, too, one hears the praises of the Saint Paul & Duluth Railroad, more popularly known as "The Duluth Short Line," which is regarded by the traveling public as the most eligible route between St. Paul and Minneapolis and Duluth, West Superior, Taylors Falls and Stillwater. Close connections made by fast trains running at handy hours between the finest terminals. Information cheerfully furnished by all ticket agents or may be had upon application to Geo. W. Bull, General Passenger Agent, or Geo. C. Gillilan, Ass't G. P. A., St. Paul, Minn.

Mannheimer Bros' Catalogue.

The most complete and extensive thing of the kind that has come to this office for a long time is the fall and winter fashion catalogue issued by Mannheimer Bros., the great dry goods house of St. Paul. These catalogues constitute a regular feature of the business, being published twice a year. They are designed more particularly for the use of customers living out of the city; and though perhaps more interesting to the gentler sex, there is much in it of value to the masculine portion of the Northwest's population. There are cuts without number in the eighty-odd pages of the work, illustrating everything from a hair-pin a la mode to a newmarket trimmed in fur; from a dainty toilet article to an unmentionable bifurcated garment trimmed with lace. Every lady in the Northwest should secure one of these catalogues, and she may rest assured that her order by mail will be promptly and conscientiously filled. The house's reputation, however, is sufficient guarantee that every purchase will be satisfactory as to quality and price. A personal selection could not secure more than this, and Mannheimer Bros. are in fact rather inclined to favor their mail order patrons in the way best appreciated by the latter.

The End of Witchcraft.

On March 25, 1730, the famous Witchcraft Act of Massachusetts under which many harmless people were cruelly tortured by the Puritan fanatics of New England, was repealed. Light was just beginning to dawn. What would these stern-visaged pioneers have thought had they been permitted to peep into 1892. They would have decided that the whole world was under the influence of witchcraft. The progress of modern invention, the development of hypnotism and the recurrence of the supernatural would have bewildered them beyond recovery, for this age of ours is a strange one, with many phases of mystery which baffle the most learned of our scientific authorities. However, there is nothing strange or mysterious about the steadily increasing popularity of the St. Paul & Duluth Railroad, which runs between the Twin Cities and Duluth, West Superior, Taylors Falls and Stillwater. It is the most natural thing in the world, for the distinguished characteristics of the Duluth Short Line are fast trains, fine equipment, unusually convenient schedules and other features which go towards making a road popular with the general traveling public. Circulars, time tables, etc., cheerfully furnished by ticket agents or Geo. W. Bull, General Passenger Agent, or Geo. C. Gillilan, Ass't G. P. A., St. Paul, Minn.

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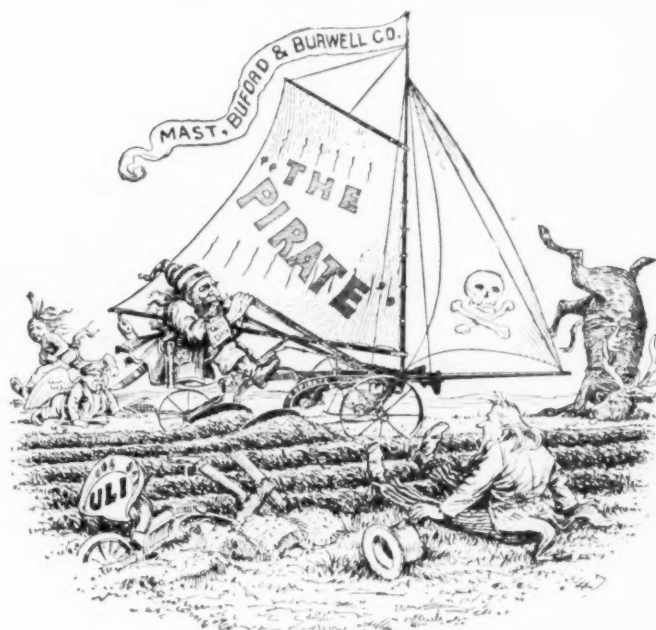
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MONTANA RABBITS AND BABIES.

Andy Schilling went up the Rattlesnake yesterday to examine his bear traps and on returning saw struggling in the snow some distance from him what he took to be a deer. As the open season for deer had expired, and not wishing to break the law, he at first decided to let the animal flounder its way through the drift; on second thought he decided to capture, if he could, the thing alive. Tightening his belt, grasping his pole with a firmer grip and directing his hounds to circle, he sped over the snow on his snow shoes; his dogs closed in and the struggling creature was captured. It wasn't a deer but a jack rabbit, the largest ever captured in Montana. Its ears are as long as those of a young burro, and its skin will be sufficiently large to wrap a Missoula baby in, and Missoula babies, as all know, are the largest and finest in the State. The quarry was placed on a wood sled, hauled to town and placed on exhibition at the Capitol on Front Street, where it attracts much attention from its enormous size. It will weigh forty-two pounds dressed—if the shot with which it is stuffed are not removed.—*Missoula Gazette.*

THE PALOUSE APPLE.

The Palouse Country, in Eastern Washington, has produced a new and excellent seedling apple, of which the *Rural New Yorker* says:

"In quality it certainly equals any apple we have ever eaten. In absence of any information we should say that this is a seedling of the Esopus Spitzenburgh, of even better quality than that standard of apple excellence. The shape is oblong conical. The color is a high, rich, golden yellow, more than half covered with a crimson red, which is itself splashed, lined and dotted with a somewhat darker red. The stalk is an inch long, slender and sometimes curved and sometimes straight.

"The basin is rather shallow, distinctly furrowed, the furrows often carried to the deep cavity. The calyx is often closed, sometimes partly open. The flesh is yellowish, crisp, exceedingly aromatic, rather acid, rich, juicy and, as we believe from the specimen sent, unequalled. We have never eaten apples that impressed us as being so near to perfection as the Palouse.

"A nurseryman who has tested the hardiness of the Palouse apple says that his tree has withstood several winters during which the thermometer registered thirty-eight to forty degrees below zero."

A RUSSIAN SCHOOL IN NORTH DAKOTA.

Miss Jessamine Slaughter writes home an interesting description of her school in the Russian colony of Dakem—ninety miles south of Bismarck in Emmons County. She describes the colonists as an industrious religious and kind-hearted class of people—who live in primitive fashion, wear sheepskin garments and burn straw and other things for fuel. No English is spoken there, and the Russ is a peculiar dialect, but having many words synonymous with the German, Swede and Norwegian tongues—which her knowledge of those languages enables her to comprehend. They all welcomed the young teacher cordially—the women being most kind and motherly in their reception of her. The children come to school in little sleighs, or "schlidds" as they call them. There has been a heavy snowfall, and with the snow piled up to the roofs of the low, plastered sod houses, the scene is strongly suggestive of the real Russian in the old world. Miss Jessamine adds that she is "just the least mite in the world homesick, but will be quite content when she has mastered the language."—*Bismarck (N. D.) Tribune.*

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\$525 Agent's profits per month. Will prove it or pay forfeit. Now articles just out. A \$1.50 sample and terms free. Try us. CHIDESTER & SON, 28 Bond Street, New York.

The Bismarck Tribune says that the Northwestern Bone Syndicate Company, of Minot, is having advertised two heaps of bones about 200 tons, situated on the Great Northern right-of-way, for taxes, something like \$300 claimed to be due on the same. To what base ends has the once noble bison of the vast prairies come—having his bones advertised by the sheriff for delinquent personal taxes! This is a sight to make "Pathfinder," Cooper's Western hero, turn over in his grave and utter a wild lament at the degeneracy of man.



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 Address, IRVING D. WILTROUPT, Sup't and Physician in charge, HUDSON, WIS.
 Manufacturers of Sanitarium Beef, Wine and Iron; Sanitarium Bitter, Wine and Iron.

Uncle Sam: Wall, that's goin' one better'n reciprocity. That Mister True beats all. Yes, that's him. He got up there somehow and, why, bless me, he's a showin' the old man in the moon how ter get rich! He's been educatin', and showin' a lot of my boys lately, how ter make money, and they are makin' a lot of it. Guess I'll take some lessons of him myself.
Mr. True: Matters are going along all right in the moon, and I will again address myself to the people of America. I am not going to buy this



entire publication, in order to secure the space to explain here, but if you will write to us, all shall be made plain to you **Free**; and you shall have our special personal consideration and attention. **Money** can be earned at our **NEW** line of work, rapidly and honorably, by those of either sex, young or old, and in their own localities, wherever they live. Any one can do the work. Easy to learn. We furnish everything. We start you. No risk. You can devote your spare moments, or all your time to the work. This is an entirely new lead and brings wonderful success to every worker. Beginners are earning from \$25 to \$50 and upwards per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you the employment and teach you **Free**. This is an age of marvelous things, and here is another great, useful, wealth-giving wonder. Great gains will reward every industrious worker. Wherever you are and whatever you are doing, you want to know about this wonderful work at once. Delay means money lost to you. **True & Co., Box 1332, Augusta, Maine.**

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 H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

North Dakota.

If you are interested in the development of the new prairie State of North Dakota, write to the Minnesota and Dakota Land and Investment Company, Mannheim Block, St. Paul, Minn., for a folder map, showing where you can get cheap and good lands for farming and stock-raising near railroads, schools and towns. This map will be sent free to all applicants.

Here and There.

DO YOUR OWN THRESHING.—Farmers won't rely so much on the big steam threshers next fall, as it is the experience of those who have tried them that the small tread power threshers will do the work so much more economically. With these machines every farmer can do his own threshing. He can do it, too, just when and where and how he likes without consulting the convenience or pleasure of some hobo crew. If a storm or rain comes on he can just quit threshing and go to work on something else, and he won't have a dozen or two lazy men loafing around, smoking in his hay loft and eating up his season's profits. A. H. Laughlin threshed 13,000 bushels with one of those small machines this fall.—*Lisbon (N. D.) Gazette.*

WISCONSIN HEMLOCK.—The value of the standing hemlock in north Wisconsin is coming to be properly appreciated. Not many years ago thousands of hemlock logs were piled and burned to clear the land for cultivation. Where a market was conveniently near, the bark was peeled and sold for tannery use, and the logs burned or left to decay. To-day the sawmills will pay well for all the hemlock logs the farmers can furnish, while Eastern tanneries are moving into the hemlock sections. The Shaw tanneries in Taylor County, The Prentice Tanning Co., recently established, the tannery to be located next spring at Westboro, are evidences of the fact that there is a source of wealth in the hitherto despised timber.—*Minneapolis Lumberman.*

HE DIED AMONG STRANGERS.—A funeral train moved slowly down the street, late one evening last week, following the remains of a young man to his last and silent resting place. No sister's or mother's tears fell upon his grave, no loving hand laid fresh sweet flowers upon his bier, no sighs of mourners mingled with the doleful sound of dropping clouds upon his coffin lid. There is something indescribably sad in the death of a young man among strangers, in a strange land, that suggests thoughts of the intense sorrows that will burden loving hearts in the old home, causing grey hairs to whiter grow. The peals of merry laughter into sobs of sorrow turn, when the news reaches the old home that a son and brother has died.—*Demersville (Mont.) Inter Lake.*

MOST NORTHWESTERN FARMER IN AMERICA.—Mr. E. J. Lawrence, Peace River, Northwest Territory, writes:—"I am the most northern farmer in America, a thousand miles by dog train in winter to reach the government post-office on the outskirts of North-western civilization. Do not wonder if mails are slow and I do not get one-half of my papers; some one gets them. Money is not known here. We have in spite of our latitude, fifty-nine north and the same longitude as Salt Lake City, one of the finest and most agreeable climates north of latitude forty. All common grains do well, wheat excellently. Vegetables are unsurpassed by anything I saw in the East. I weighed six field turnips last fall that turned the scale at 110 pounds. The heaviest was twenty-two and a half pounds. It is not unusual that we can pick from the pile of potatoes fifty that would weigh 100 pounds. It is a splendid country for horse-ranching. Cyclones, blizzards and hail storms are not known. I have been here eleven years, with only one poor crop."—*Western World.*

South Bend, Washington.

Pacific Ocean Terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

SOUTH BEND, the seaport of WILLAPA HARBOR, is the terminus of the Yakima and Pacific Coast Division of the Northern Pacific Railroad now under construction to be completed from Chehalis to SOUTH BEND this year.

The Geographical position, tributary resources and natural advantages of SOUTH BEND, and its direct rail communication with the timber, coal and wheat of Washington insure its becoming one of the leading seaports of the Pacific Coast.

Government Charts show 29 feet of water over the bar of WILLAPA HARBOR at high tide, while the towing distance to the wharves at SOUTH BEND is only 16 miles against 140 on Puget Sound and 116 on the Columbia River from Portland, Oregon.

The extraordinary growth and development of the Puget Sound cities will be duplicated at SOUTH BEND, and parties seeking new locations for manufacturing or business enterprises or a field for investment will do well to investigate further and communicate with

**THOMAS COOPER, General Manager,
Northern Land and Development Company,
SOUTH BEND, WASHINGTON.**

DENVER ADDITION TO SOUTH BEND.

There are many prosperous and growing towns in Washington, but none whose future is more bright than the city of South Bend on Willapa Harbor, 16 miles from the Pacific Ocean and the ocean terminus of the Yakima & Pacific Coast Railroad, which will be the main line of the Northern Pacific Railroad between Eastern and Western Washington.

South Bend has grown from a straggling village of nine months ago to a city of 3,000 inhabitants, much as Tacoma grew on the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad across the mountains, making it a railway terminus. New life and new activity is being infused into the city, and on the completion of the railroad this fall, there is every prospect that the population will almost double again. Like many other cities, South Bend is peculiarly situated, so that a certain large sized tract of land commands the location of the wharves, warehouses and other large business interests by its geographical position. Such a tract at South Bend composed a fine ranch two years ago, but the early promise of a great railroad made it too valuable for farm purposes, and it has been platted as the DENVER ADDITION.

As in all large Western cities, additions once on the edge of the town have been destined to become a portion of the business portion itself, so is the Denver Addition bound by that very force of circumstances to become almost the business center of South Bend. Within a year it is certain that this will become true, as by the railroad terminal improvements now being made the Denver Addition is to become the seat of the heavy traffic consequent upon the removal of the freight depots, warehouses and other facilities to the railroad property just north and adjoining the addition.

This insures for the Denver Addition the bulk of the retail business and the erection thereon, along the railroad, of warehouses, with side track facilities, and later the wholesale houses for the same reason.

The addition is level, sloping gently back and contains the best of both business and residence property in South Bend to-day.

The west line of the addition is within three blocks of the new \$50,000 Willapa Hotel, now building. Broadway is planked through the addition and other streets are soon to be improved in the same manner. Streets are 66 feet wide and avenues 80 feet.

It will thus be seen that the Denver Addition offers the best inducements of any property now available for bargains, either to turn luckily or to hold as an investment.

For full information regarding this property, apply to

THE DENVER LAND COMPANY,

**Room 11 Mason Block,
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P. O. Box 1102.**

**Franklin Building,
SOUTH BEND, WASH.
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The Head of Navigation and the
Wheat Shipping Point of
Puget Sound.

The Wholesale and Manufactur-
ing Center of the Pacific
Northwest.

Look at the Following Evidences of its Growth:

Population in 1880, 720.

Assessed value of property in 1880	\$517,927
Assessed value of property in 1888	\$5,000,000
Assessed value of property in 1889	\$20,000,000
Assessed value of property in 1890	\$29,841,750
Real Estate Transfers for 1885	\$667,356
Real Estate Transfers for 1888	\$8,855,598
Real Estate Transfers for 1890	\$15,000,000
Banks in 1880	1
Banks Jan. 1st, 1891	14
Bank Clearances for 1880	\$25,000,000
Bank Clearances for 1890	\$47,000,000
Wholesale business for 1889	\$9,000,000
Wholesale business for 1890	over \$18,000,000
Value of manufacturing products for 1889	\$6,000,000
Money spent in Building Improvements in 1887	\$1,000,000
Money spent in Building Improvements in 1888	\$2,148,572
Money spent in Building Improvements in 1889	\$5,821,195
Money spent in Building Improvements in 1890	\$6,273,430
Money spent in Street Improvements in 1887	\$90,000
Money spent in Street Improvements in 1888	\$263,200
Money spent in Street Improvements in 1889	over \$700,000

Population, { Census 1890, } 40,165.

Money spent by N. P. R. R. Co. on Terminal Improvements in 1887	\$250,000
Money spent by N. P. R. R. Co. on Terminal Improvements in 1888	\$506,000
Money spent by N. P. R. R. Co. on Terminal Improvements in 1889	\$750,000
Coal shipped in 1882	(Tons) 56,300
Coal shipped in 1889	(Tons) 180,940
Crop of Hops in 1881	(Bales) 6,098
Crop of Hops in 1889	(Bales) 40,000
Lumber exported in 1887	(Feet) 107,326,280
Wheat shipped in 1889	(Bushels) 1,457,478
Private Schools in 1889	4
Public Schools in 1888	2
Public Schools in 1889	9
Value of Public School Property, 1889	\$264,480
Value of Private School Property, 1889	250,000
Regular Steamers in 1880	6
Regular Steamers in 1889	67
Electric line in operation	(Miles) 13
Electric line building	(Miles) 26
Cable line building	(Miles) 2
Steam motor lines in operation	(Miles) 32

TACOMA is the only natural outlet for the grain crop of the Inland Empire, as Eastern Washington and Oregon is aptly termed, and it costs from \$1,500 to \$4,000 less to ship a cargo of wheat from Tacoma than from any other port north of San Francisco.

TACOMA is now the Metropolis of Puget Sound, and is the best location for manufacturers for supplying both Inland and Water Trade. Full printed and written information will be furnished on application to

ISAAC W. ANDERSON,

General Manager of The Tacoma Land Co., TACOMA, WASH.

N. P. R. R. Headquarters Building.

SEDRO, WASHINGTON.

SITUATION.—Sedro lies in the center of the famous Skagit Valley, with direct outlets by rail to tide water at Anacortes, Fairhaven, Seattle and Tacoma; also via Skagit River.

RESOURCES.—Immediately adjacent to Sedro are magnificent agricultural lands yielding in hops 2,000 pounds to the acre, 100 bushels of oats, four tons of hay, 400 bushels of potatoes. Fruit grows to perfection. Besides there are timber and mineral lands.

COAL.—Coal mines are in operation five and ten miles distant. Tests have shown these coals to make the best of coke.

IRON.—Iron is in inexhaustible quantities adjacent to the coal.

LUMBER.—Adjacent to Sedro are the finest timber lands in the State, averaging 50,000 feet to the acre. Fir and cedar.

GOLD AND SILVER.—The celebrated Silver Creek, Sauk, and Cascade mining districts are in the upper valleys tributary to Sedro. The ores are mostly galena, very rich in silver.

HOPS.

TIMBER.

OATS.

FRUIT.

S

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S E D R O

R

O

COAL.

IRON.

SILVER.

GOLD.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Limestone, marble, copper, nickel, mica, asbestos, potter's clay.

TRANSPORTATION.—Sedro has four great railroad systems in operation—Oregon Improvement Co., Great Northern, Northern Pacific and Canadian Pacific. Boats direct to Seattle and Sound ports, and the upper Skagit Valley, via Skagit River, the largest river emptying into Puget Sound.

MANUFACTURING.—Four lumber mills, shingle mills, Excelsior works. Openings exist for sash and door factory, furniture and bucket factory, paper and pulp works, oat meal mills, brewery, foundry machine shop and smelter.

IMPROVEMENTS.—Graded streets, \$25,000 hotel, \$10,000 school, coal bunkers, depots, wharf, warehouse, three churches, bank, newspaper, business blocks and residences.

For Maps and Pamphlets address

SEDRO LAND AND IMPROVEMENT CO.,

(INCORPORATED)

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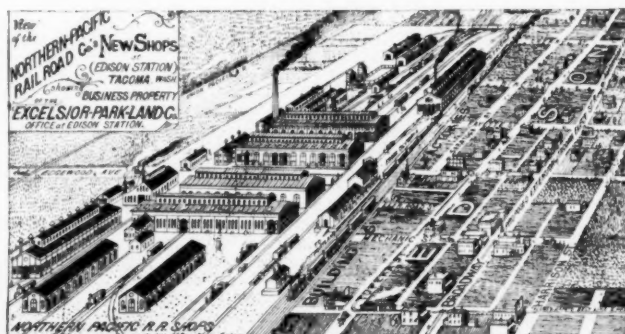
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Buildings, 23.

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CURRENT ANECDOTES.

SHE DIDN'T CARE.

A spoony young couple were travelling by rail recently, and, as the train entered a short tunnel, they indulged in an affectionate embrace, to the accompaniment of numerous osculatory sounds.

Suddenly the train emerged from the tunnel, and pulled up at a station. A porter on the platform thereupon cried out: "Sawyer!" which was the name of the village.

To the surprise and amusement of the passengers, the girl deliberately replied:

"I don't care if you did; we are married!"

FEMININE SUSPICION.

A certain Grafton man entered the postoffice last week with his wife. He took several letters from the lock box which he rented from Uncle Samuel, proceeded to open them. One contained some "Keeley cure for drunkenness" literature, which the man tried to thrust into his overcoat pocket before his wife caught sight of the pamphlet. But the wife saw the act and immediately concluded that she had a right to read any letter her husband was so eager to conceal. So she slyly put one hand in his pocket and took out a leaflet. It was labelled "Are You Addicted to the Liquor Habit," and a moment later the good man was confronted with the question, "John, are

across the field; his peg leg would make a hole every three feet. The automatic dropper would put four grains of corn in each hole and he would cover it with his hind foot. Now beat it if you can. When I left there the owner was thinking seriously of having one fore leg cut off of all his mules for the same purpose. That's all."

EARLY DAYS ON THE NORTHERN.

"We used to fly high on the Northern Pacific when the road was under construction in the early '70's," said an old railroad man yesterday. "There was a moving town of 3,000 to 4,000 which advanced westward with the track-layers. There were boarding houses, saloons, gambling houses and stores in three and four-story buildings. These structures were of canvas stretched over a wooden framework. They were set up in regular streets every time camp was pitched, and when the construction gang moved forward were taken down in a single night, loaded on wagons and hauled on to the next stopping place. You would find a bustling little town with every appearance of permanence one day and a month later would find the site of it a howling wilderness.

"In 1872 I was agent on the Lake Superior and Mississippi division of the road at Hinckley, Minn., an eating station about midway between St. Paul and Duluth. C. T. Hobart, general manager of the road, rushed in at dinner time and threw down a paper package saying:

"Just take care of that for me while I get dinner."

"I was busy checking baggage at the time and left the

territorial society. Please carefully weigh all of these important facts before bringing in your verdict.—*Moscow (Idaho) Mirror.*

NOT A MONTANA SAPPHIRE.

There is a physician in town who has a sapphire half an inch in diameter which he will sell at a bargain. The doctor met one of his patients, a ranchman, on the street the other morning, and began admiring a magnificent looking stud which the latter wore in his shirt front. He was so extravagant in his praises, and showed so plainly that he coveted the gem, that the ranchman, so to speak, "dropped on to him" at once. "I don't care to part with it," said the ranchman. "In fact, it's worth \$150." The doctor now began to dicker for the stone and offered various sums for it. Finally the ranchman agreed to give it up for \$10 in cash and a receipted bill for \$15 which he owed the doctor. The exchange was made right there. The happy doctor took his stone to a jeweler and asked its value. "Well," replied the expert, "for window purposes it's a little too small, and for jewelry it's quite too glassy." The gem, which the ranchman bought for ninety cents, is now to be had cheap.—*Helena Independent.*

EVERY MAN TO HIS CALLING.

On the occasion of a trial at the Admiralty sessions for shooting a seaman, counsel for the Crown asked one of the witnesses which he was for—plaintiff or defendant.

"Plaintiff or defendant?" replied the sailor, scratching his head: "why I don't know what you mean by 'plaintiff or defendant.' I come to speak for that man there!"

"You are a pretty fellow for a witness," said the counsel; "not to know what 'plaintiff or defendant' means."

Some time after, being asked by the same counsel what part of the ship he was in at the time, the witness responded: "Abaft the binnacle!"

"Abaft the binnacle!" replied the counsel, "what part of the ship is that?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" chuckled the sailor; "ain't you a pretty fellow for a counsel," pointing archly at him with his finger, "not to know what 'abast the binnacle' is!"—*London Spare Moments.*

EDISON AT WORK.

When the inventor is experimenting, he dons a long frock or checked gingham, which buttons close at the chin and reaches to the heels. It is nothing more or less than a man's Mother Hubbard, which he puts on to protect his clothes from dust and acids and oils. Arrayed in this he goes around from room to room in the great laboratory, overseeing the different experiments that his assistants are conducting. He has the same little stoop at his hips that ploughmen acquire, but he walks rapidly.

Mr. Edison has turned out more inventions every month during the last fifteen years than most men discovered in a lifetime. He owns between 400 and 500 patents.

Mr. Edison is like electricity itself. No one can tell what he will do next. At one time he will take a fad in his head that some work must be done nights. Then he will tell the experimenters they are a lazy lot of chaps, and it's got to stop. He will order them to report early in the evening, and the chances are they'll sit around all night and do little or nothing. By the third night they will do nothing at all, except eat lunch and tell funny stories, and then the bit of energy and the scheme of night-work will have died natural deaths.

When Mr. Edison was in Paris, last summer, doing the Exposition, one newspaper, the *Temps*, in an appreciative article regarding him, gave voice to the disappointment which that great man's unscientific appearance must give to every one who believes that science must wear a top-hat, gig-lamps, long hair, and a look of profound thought. Mr. Edison is "not surrounded by savants and men in spectacles, but by quite a gay and joyous band of young fellows, in soft felt hats, like himself, who look like bank clerks out for a holiday."

About Orange, you can hear numberless stories of Edison. Everybody likes him. One man who had for years been in his employ as an experimentalist, told of a visit a number of men—Jay Gould, Sidney Dillon, Cyrus Field and others—paid to Edison at the laboratory one day; Edison came out of his workroom, where he was busy, and shook hands with Mr. Field. At that moment something popped into his head apropos of the experiment he was to work on. He never gave an idea time to escape him. Without a word of excuse to the magnates, he turned on his heel and hurried to his den again. They waited, and waited, and, by and by, tired out with delay, wended their way down stairs. Shortly afterward Edison came out and asked:

"Where did those paupers go?"

"Down stairs."

"Did they walk?"

"Yes."

"That's right. I don't want 'em to wear the oil off my elevator."

Then he stood around and told stories to his men. He is a great man for stories, and it is a tradition among his employes that they can tell him the same story every day for a week, and he will never tire of it, nor, in fact, show any sign of having heard it before.—*Drake's Travellers' Magazine.*



FORCE OF HABIT.

"What can I do for you, Miss?"

"Could I speak with the head of the firm?"

"Just out, at present; very sorry. Perhaps something quite similar would suit you? His son is in the office."

you a drunkard?" "I never took a drink of anything intoxicating in my life, and you know it," responded John. "Then why did Mr. Keeley send you this?" asked the wife. John was stumped. And the worst of it is, that John did not drink and never has. It was his manner that caused the row.—*Grafton (N. D.) News-Times.*

IMPROVING THE SPECIES.

"You evidently know all about the particulars of some delicate surgical operations recently performed here on two dogs," said a *Missoulian* reporter to a local surgeon. "Have you had any similar case?" "No, sir; not as regards dogs. I've had some experience with a mule, though, which is worth recording. In Iowa a mule got one of his fore legs caught in a sausage grinder and cut off just below the knee, and we'll not say just how he got his foot in the grinder, but it's a solid fact. He was an intelligent mule, had done his owners good service, and I was given carte blanche to fix him up. The result far exceeded my most sanguine expectations. The leg was amputated and when thoroughly healed, I made him a wooden leg which fit admirably. He was able to frisk around, jump fences and kill calves as usual. The lower end of the wooden leg was much smaller than the original hoof and whenever he put his weight on it, it would jot a hole in the ground. Here was a hint that was at once acted upon. It didn't take long to fix an automatic corn dropper. You know Iowa is a great corn State. We put a boy on his back to teach him how to go for a few days. After that we had no trouble. Sir, that mule would walk straight

package lying on the window-shelf for some minutes, then tossed it carelessly into a corner of the room among a pile of baggage. After awhile Hobart came back and asked for it and I hunted it out and threw it over to him. He took it very carefully and said:

"Great Caesar, man! You ought to take more care of it. There's \$10,000 in that package."

"Probably if I had taken more care of it some fellow would have picked it up, while my indifference may have thrown any intending thief off the scent".—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

AN IMPRESSIVE CHARGE.

A Rochester lady sends us the following and asks us: "Would a man wearing a collar be treated in the same manner?" No. The last legislature repealed the law, and now some people even wear collars—and moss.

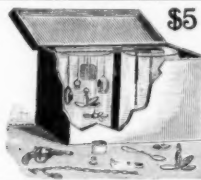
In the course of his charge to the jury in a murder case an Idaho judge said: "In making your decision, gentlemen, please bear in mind that the deceased was reaching for his hip pocket when the prisoner blazed away at him. The territorial statutes, you understand, gentlemen, allow one man when he sees another make this motion to produce his gun and begin the bombardment. To be sure, it has been proved that the deceased was reaching for a handkerchief, but that makes no difference; the law does not recognize any such movement. The very fact that he was carrying a pocket-handkerchief while he was in Idaho shows that he was an unfit number of our

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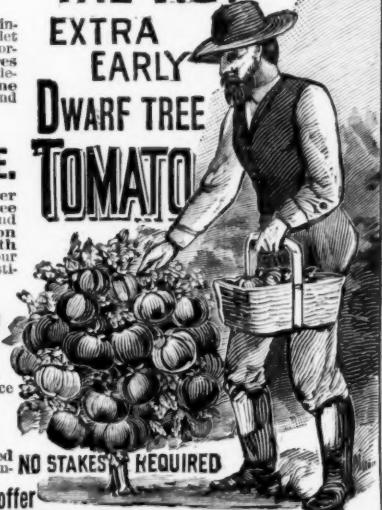
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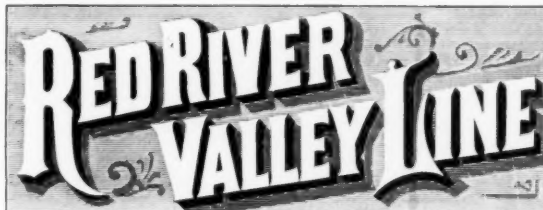
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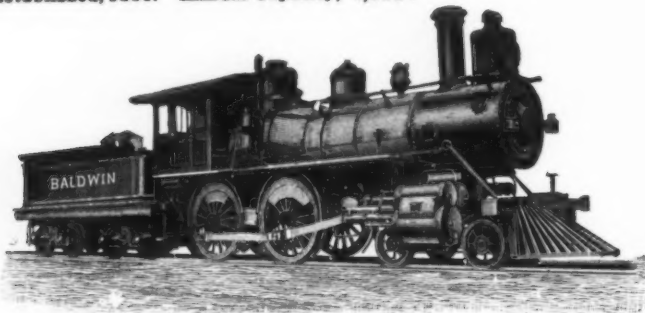
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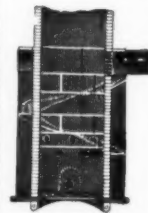
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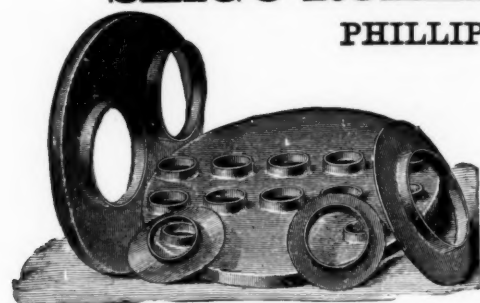
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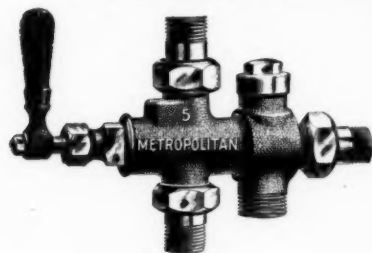
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A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Awkward Barber—"Does this razor hurt you, sir?"
Patient Customer—"Only when it gets under the skin."

She—"I don't believe in long engagements, do you?"
He—"No; people are apt to find out too many things about each other."

GOOD REASON FOR IT—"He is a very little man, isn't he?" "There is good reason for it." How?" "His wife cuts him short every time he attempts to say anything."

A young lady who expected a telegraphic message from her "young man" waited in the office for it. After awhile the little machine began to click. "That's from Jack," she said; "I know his stutler!"

He—"The sound of your voice reminds me of the music of a brook."
She (flattered)—"Indeed?"
He—"Yes. You see it rolls on for ever."

Mrs. Bunting (near sighted)—"What is the object of the notice on that tree?"
Bunting (who sees that it reads "Beware of the dog")—"It is put there that he who reads may run."

Mrs. Black—"John, what is the eleventh Commandment?"
Mr. Black—"Mind your own business."
Mrs. Black (angrily)—"Well, I fancy it's as much my business as your. I think you might be good enough to answer a civil question. I shall go home to mother."



AN EXCITING MOMENT.

Goldstein (reading a telegram in a restaurant)—"Mein Gott in Himmel! I shall fall off my chair! Hirsch & Lowenstein have failed. I can't eat a mouthful more, and I have already paid the waiter."

He (suddenly)—"Do you think the minister will want to kiss you, dear?"
She (pleadingly)—"Let him if he wants to, Harry. He's just grown a beautiful moustache."

Smarte—"That tree hasn't borne a solitary pear for eight seasons."
Smiley—"Indeed? Why don't you cut it down?"
Smarte—"Because it's the best apple-tree I've got."

Fater—"My dear, this seems like a strange marriage. He is but eighteen years old and you are twenty-eight. When he is forty you will be fifty."
Daughter—"No, indeed. I'll still be twenty-eight."

He—"You say you love me but cannot be my wife. Is it because I am poor? There are better things in this world than money."
She—"Quite true; but it takes money to buy them."

Mrs. Asmong (at boarding-house table)—"You don't seem to like your steak, Mr. Skyparlor."
Mr. Skyparlor (ceasing his struggle)—"Well, the fact is, it doesn't seem to like me; at least, I can't produce any impression on it."

Little Freddy—"I like your name for my sister better'n I do that other feller's what calls here."
Mr. Wilwattle (pricking up his ears) "Why, Freddy?"
Little Freddy—"Oh, you call her a sweet wild rose, and he calls her a daisy, and he's ever so much more familiar with her than you are, any way."

Gentleman—"You are a cheat! The picture that you sold me yesterday has painted on it 'Original—by Rembrandt.' It has just been proved to me that it is a copy."
Dealer—"The signature was perfectly correct; the original is by Rembrandt."

At dawn the fisherman goes away
That a batch of fish may be caught,
He wanders home at the end of day
With a catch of fish he has bought.

HE WONDERED WHAT SHE MEANT—"Ah!" said Chaplie, jokingly, to Miss Keene, "this is leap year, don'tcher know; do you intend to avail yourself of its privileges?"
"I really cannot tell what I might do," she said with a smile, "if a man should come along."

Young B. (on his first appearance at a ball) to elderly friend—"What am I to talk to my partner about?"
Friend—"Her beauty."
"But if she doesn't happen to be beautiful?"
"No matter; she'll take your word for it."

A noted French wit was riding out one day when he passed an aged priest riding on a quiet donkey.
"Ha! ha!" exclaimed the wit, "and how goes the ass, good father?"
"On horseback, my son, on horseback," replied the good man, drily.

SHE LET HIM OFF THAT TIME—"Now, this is a nice time to come home," she said, gathering her brows like a gathering storm. "I'm sorry," he said, humbly and hiccoughingly. "I haven't said nothing before," she continued, "but I'm going to put my foot down." "You'll have to put it down pretty hard, then," he said, "for it is a mighty small foot." She put off scolding him till a future time.

First Canvasser—"You have been selling a book on the 'Germans in England,' you say."
Second Canvasser—"Yes, I have sold a good many of them."
"Of what—books?"
"No, Germans."

A gentleman was put out of patience by some blunder of his new groom.
"Look here!" he cried in his anger, "I won't have things done this way. Do you think I'm a fool?"
"Shure, surr," said the groom, "O! can't say, sorr. O! only came here yesterday."

Mrs. Green—"Will you have a piece of mince pie, John?"
Mr. Green—"No, I think not."
Mrs. Green—"I put some brandy in the mince meat. It helps to—"
Mr. Green—"Oh, did you. I'll try a piece, please."

Irate Customer—"Those shoes I bought for my boy last week are half worn out already, and I found a thick piece of pasteboard in the soles. What have you to say to that?"
Dealer—"My dear sir, the pasteboard is put in to keep the feet from touching the ground when the leather wears out. You wouldn't want your little boy to catch cold and die of consumption, would you?"

Old Friend—"Well, old boy, how have you been getting along? Did you succeed as a novelist?"
Mr. Soarhigh—"No; the publishers said my imagination was too lively—plots lacked probability, you know—so I had to give it up; but I'm doing first-rate."
"What at?"
"Writing advertisements."

Little Boy—"Grandma, do people paint the devil with red clothes on because he is wicked, and has evil spirits near him all the time?"
Grandma—"Yes, dearie; red is the color of wickedness and sin."
"Well, then, is it because grandpa has bad spirits near him that his nose has got so red?"
And grandpa suddenly commenced to knit, and said she didn't know.

Byron Tyck—"Well, Mr. Fullon, I think I'll let you send me some coal again this season. The last was very satisfactory, especially in the matter of weight."
Fullon—"H'm, yes, how'll C. O. D. suit you? The wait wasn't very satisfactory to me last time."
"Clara, dear, I want to show you my new engagement-ring before I go."
"It's very pretty, Maude, but remember the stone is loose."
"Why, how did you know it?"
"Didn't Mr. Rigby tell you that I wore it a month or two?"

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